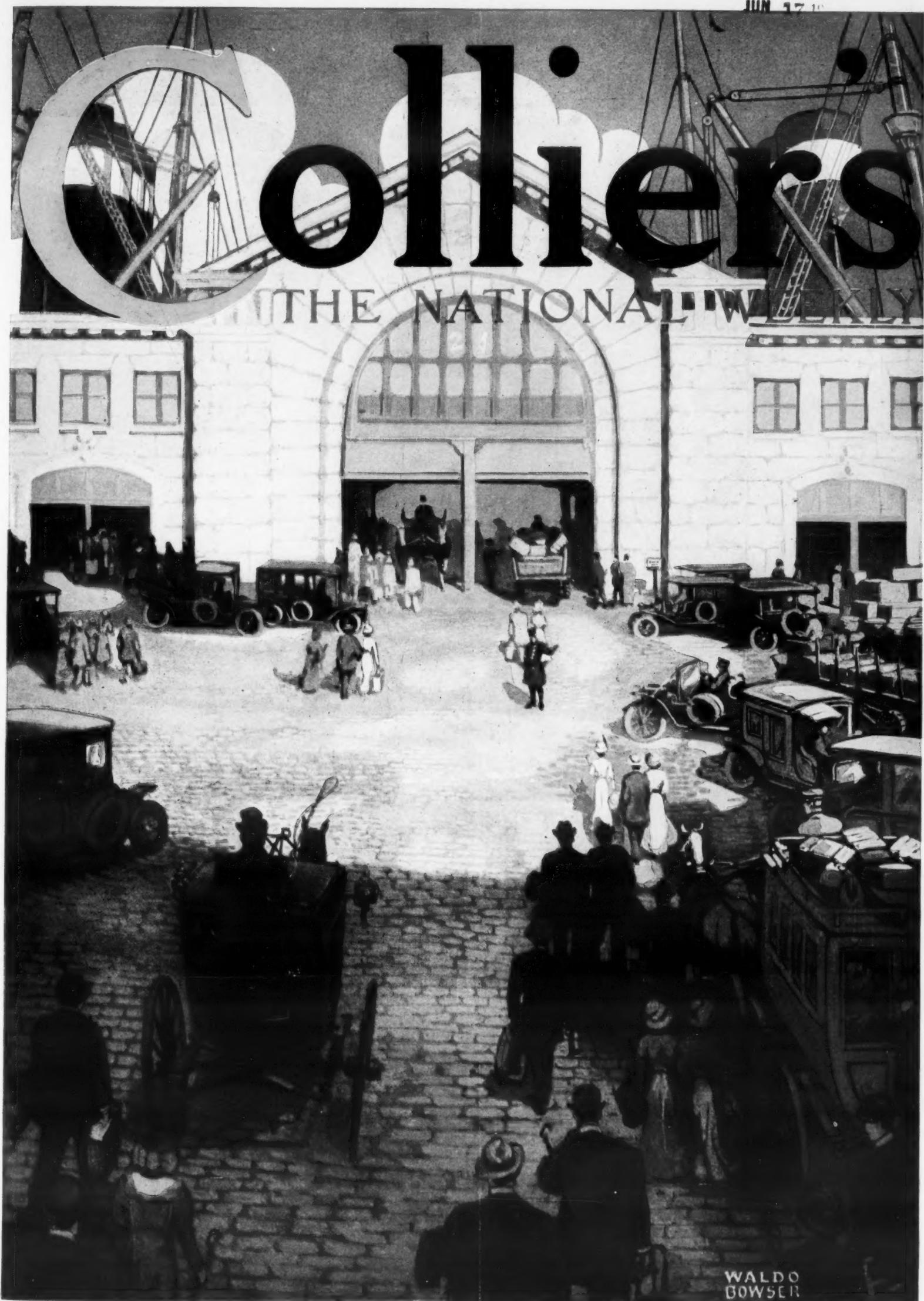


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Or
Insane
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It's FUN to drive screws with the "Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver!

→ This Slide, working across the tool, adjusts the ratchet for right or left movement of the blade—as used for driving or drawing screws; or to hold blade rigid.

Ask your dealer for
"Yankee" Ratchet
Screw-driver No. 11

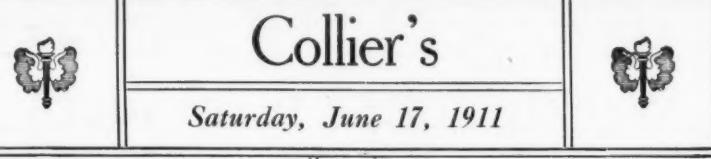
Made in 8 lengths of blade:

2-in. Blade, 25c	6-in. Blade, 70c
3-in. " 50c	8-in. " 80c
4-in. " 55c	10-in. " 90c
5-in. " 60c	12-in. " \$1.00

"Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver No. 10, same adjustments but with ratchet-shifter working lengthwise with the tool. Same sizes and prices.

Free Tool Book—Illustrates 66 different kinds and sizes of "Yankee" Tools for driving screws and drilling holes.

Write to
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Philadelphia



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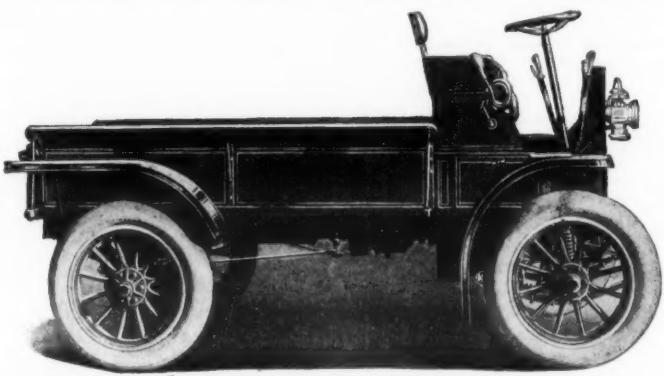
VOLUME XLVII

NUMBER 13

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. For sale by Saarbach's News Exchange in the principal cities of Europe and Egypt; also by Daws, 17 Green St., Leicester Square, London, W. C. Copyright 1911 by P. F. Collier & Son. Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England, and copyrighted in Great Britain and the British possessions, including Canada. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$6.80 a year. Christmas and Easter special issues, 25 cents.

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March 28, 1911.

PERRY E. SIMMONS.

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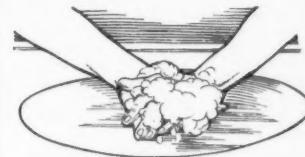
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(Pure as the Pines)

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For 10 cents, silver or stamps, we will mail you a sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap; also our booklet, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp."

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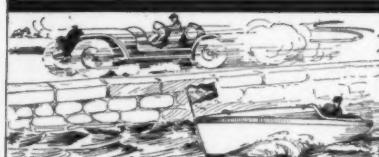
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T. L. Patterson.
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Otherwise Your Money Back**

Style No. 400

Made of Fine quality Flexo Panama Straw—very light and comfortable—a wonderful value for the money.

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This is one of our best hats—Extra Fine Weave—can be worn in any shape—Very Stylish—with that Smart Metropolitan appearance so desirable. Order Today—Stating style number and exact size. Catalog of 15 other styles of men's and women's Panamas sent on request.

Hats sent express prepaid

CULEBRA HAT CO., 22 West 4th St., New York City

"Things to do Today"

This book is for YOU. No matter what your work you will find this book invaluable. Thousands being enthusiastically used by business and professional men—salesmen—office men—travellers, etc.

A very high-grade memorandum book—out of the ordinary—made in genuine black seal grain leather with your name stamped in gold on the cover.

Removable pad with leaves of bond paper perforated at the top which can be torn out when used. Size 4" x 5½". 75c postpaid. Extra fillers 3 for 25c. Just the book you will need on your vacation!

"Jot It Down" (vest pocket size) 50c. Extra fillers 4 for 25c.

**SCHMIEDING BROTHERS
Leather Workers—Printers
32-34 E. Third St., Dayton, Ohio**

Your Income Starts Immediately

Business men seeking a conservative investment opportunity, should thoroughly investigate the sound financial possibilities of the Coin Operated Weighing Scale. These machines have a very large earning capacity—the immense revenues of two powerful corporations are derived solely therefrom. Their earnings are clear profit—sure, continuous and payable in cash dividends whenever you want. Depots, Stores, Waiting-rooms, etc., are asking for them. Splendidly placed will yield you a handsome income without any interference with your present business or occupation. Our free booklet "Facts" puts you in touch with this most attractive opportunity—offers you bright prospects for 1911. Write for it today.

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AGENTS 100% PROFIT

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Just out. Patented. New Useful Combination. Low priced. Agents aroused. Sales easy. Every home needs first few days. Mechanic in shop sold 60 to fellow workmen. Bills paid. Just write a postcard and give me the special confidential items. Tell each item how you can benefit. THOMAS MFG. CO., 5-729 Wayne Street, DAYTON, OHIO

We ship on approval without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at our price until you receive our latest catalog illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our secret of price and marvelous new offers.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you postpaid by return mail. You will receive valuable information. Do not wait, write it now.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries at half usual price.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. K54, CHICAGO

FERRERO MARINE ENGINES

\$60 AND UP The Engine that Mastered Niagara

THE World's Standard Two-cycle Marine Motor. Ten sizes; one, two or three cylinders; 3 to 25 horse power. High-tension magneto; new idea in carburetor; many other advantages.

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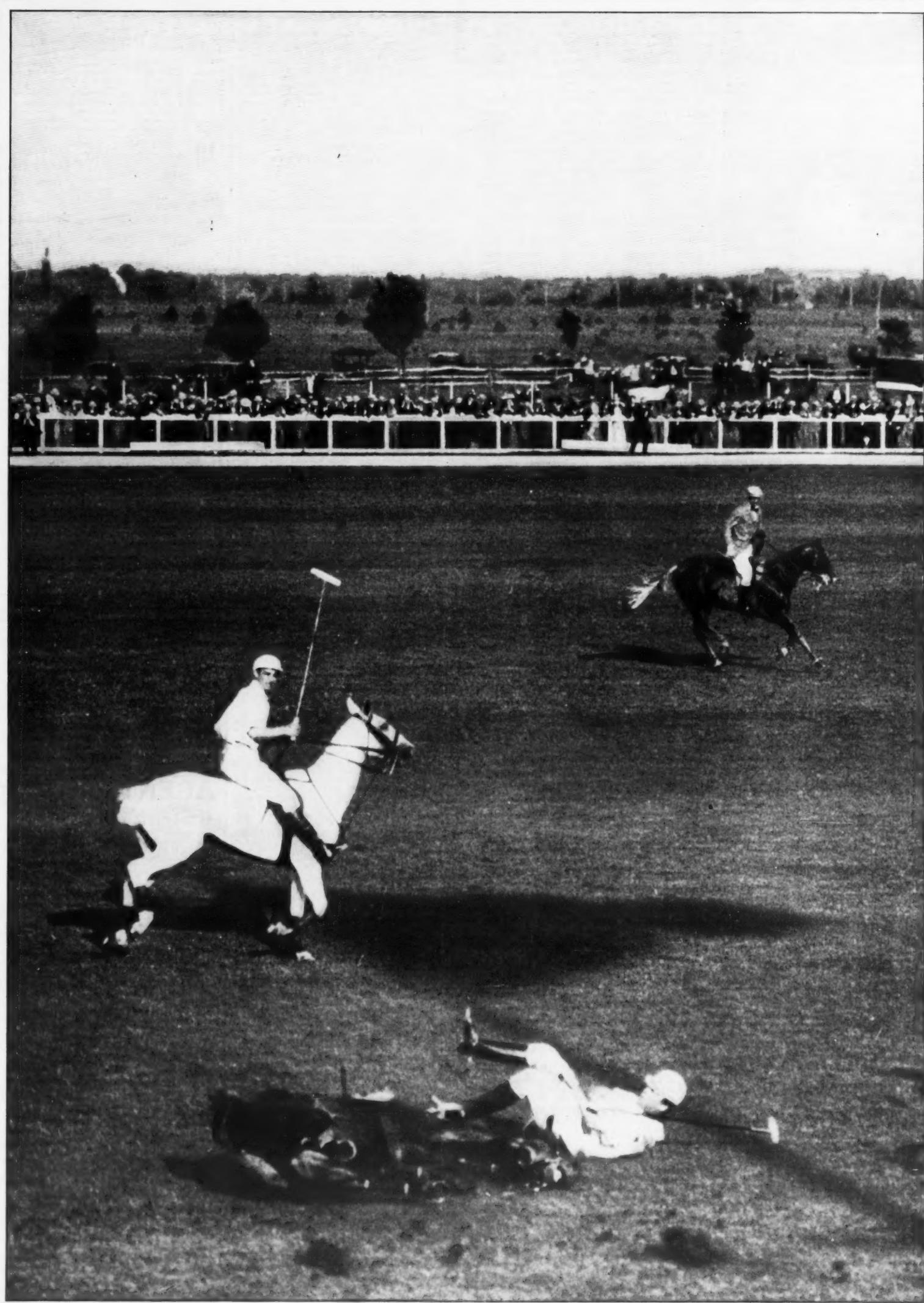
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Thrown!

An Incident in the International Polo Match at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Long Island, N. Y.

(See page 15)



Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

June 17, 1911

"Pinafore"

SITTING AT A REVIVAL, a retired actor, who had appeared in some of W. S. GILBERT's dramas, said to a friend: "Every line of GILBERT'S contains so much that a piece of his gains every time it is seen. The hearer should be so familiar with the whole that he feels the point with the first word of the line. If he has to wait for the last, he loses half; for the next line is loaded with a new delicacy, to be missed while he is waking up to the last." In the operas also the exquisiteness of the lines is first among the many charms; and, indeed, GILBERT'S talents as a playwright were an essential factor in giving to his librettos their place entirely apart. They are literature and they are drama. The situations, the characters, even the plot, have a peculiar felicity and build solid foundations for the subtlety and wit. On the day that GILBERT died "Pinafore" was revived, very excellently, in New York, to refresh the parched spirits who had been hopelessly wandering up and down Broadway, among Mauve Ladies and Summer Maids, Girls This and Babies That, Follies and Revues, seeking the mind's gaiety and finding only the mental relaxation of the undistinguished average; the art of the Greatest Common Denominator. That many thousands enjoy music wedded to humor, handled with taste, and highly civilized, was shown when the revived "Mikado" last year made the world happier, as "Pinafore" is doing now. More than half of the first-rate dramatic productions of the last two seasons in New York were made at The New Theater, under the patronage of the much-abused millionaires. Our largest city has an art museum that becomes noticeably finer with every month. Before long it will possess much the best collection in the world of the greatest sculptor now alive. The city possesses opera that is unequalled. If The New Theater, in its smaller home, maintains its quality and makes the advances to be expected, our drama will thrive, not only in that theater itself, but in others, forced upward by the presence of a standard. As to lighter music and comedy, may a long series of revived Gilbert and Sullivan operas create a taste too fastidious for the "girl shows" that infest Broadway.

Coming and Going

SENATOR GUGGENHEIM'S committee appointments were pointed out by us a few weeks ago. We now desire to call our readers' attention to the fact that Senator DU PONT, President of the Powder Trust, is on the following committees: MILITARY AFFAIRS, Chairman; COAST DEFENSES, EXPENDITURES IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT, PENSIONS. Is that what is meant by getting the people coming and going?

North Dakota

THE ACTIVITIES of JAMES J. HILL and of "ALECK" MACKENZIE (MACKENZIE of the Alaska scandal, who was pardoned for his offenses because his "health was poor")—and other elements—promised to make reform difficult, but nevertheless North Dakota is one of the four States which are to have a primary vote on delegates to national conventions and on national committeemen. She now has a Corrupt Practices Act, and four resolutions are pending for constitutional amendments providing for the initiative, referendum, and recall. The State thus becomes one of the progressive leaders. The world hurries on its course ahead.

Are They Dead?

THE QUESTION is often asked of us—to what extent was the patent medicine industry injured by the crusade against it a few years ago? It was made groggy, but it is coming back. We have already spoken of the large patent medicine element among the leaders of "The League for Medical Freedom," and we are now about to discuss "The Advertisers' Protective Association." It is sending circulars to newspapers and periodicals all over the country. How thorough it is may be inferred from the fact that among the periodicals on its list is the "Harvard Monthly"! The circular attacks Dr. WILEY, of course; and "the Doctors' Trust"—also of course. Its frankness is what makes it pleasant. For instance:

The manufacture of valuable remedies in a form to provide inexpensive medicines for the people is a most commendable business.

Many publications have, no doubt, felt the effect of these assaults by a reduction in amount of advertising patronage.

This association . . . [represents] an investment of \$400,000,000, whose advertising expenses are annually over \$100,000,000.

If this condition is not changed, it will result in greatly cutting down the support you receive.

We presume that almost any editor or publisher will be able to understand this circular. We imagine that there are very few advertisers of standing connected with this association, which finds it necessary to give no more exact address than a Post-office box.

Hearst

WHEN "TOWN TOPICS" flew into the courts against COLLIER'S it made the mistake of bringing criminal as well as civil action. It was able to let its civil cases drag for years, and never come to trial; but criminal libel is more rapid and more difficult to stop, so all the facts between us and Colonel MANN were soon presented to the world—including a good deal more than we had printed. In our suit against CHARLES W. POST, resulting in the now famous \$50,000 verdict, we also gave much information which we had not used before. The same was true in the hearings before the Ballinger Investigating Committee—more was furnished than was promised. Mr. HEARST, as soon as he heard of our newspaper series, and before he had the slightest idea what we were going to print, threatened both criminal and civil libel. He, unlike Colonel MANN and Judge DEUEL, was shrewd enough, however, not to bring the threatened criminal action, and so he can safely circulate his \$500,000 bluff, knowing he can wait three or four years and then drop his case. Probably he suspects that, following our custom, we have not discharged all of our ammunition in the first engagement.

Help Yourself

WHEN SENATOR TILLMAN in 1899 said on the floor of Congress: "If you are going to steal, I want my share," he was fighting for more money for a useless navy-yard as "recognition" for his bailiwick. His attitude toward the navy is that of almost every politician on the naval committees. The arrangement is this: The members of these bodies frame the bills authorizing increases in the navy. Like Mr. TILLMAN, each one likes to see a good share of the navy's money spent in his own State. A Secretary of the Navy hostile to these interests is likely to have his recommendations for new ships voted down in committee. The late Senator McENERY of Louisiana was a member of the Senate Naval Committee. His State supports the inland yard at Algiers, near New Orleans, which none of the modern battleships could possibly reach and where there is a million-dollar dry-dock which docked one of the older battleships twice. Here it cost, in 1907, \$97,178.49 to produce \$1,040.01 worth of goods, with \$308,332 expended in improvements. Two-thirds of the navy's money has been spent on land; one-half of this has been pure waste; and altogether the American navy supports eleven navy-yards. Great Britain, possessor of the world's strongest and biggest fleet, has but six of the same class. These eleven yards cost in maintenance in 1909 over forty million dollars. Secretary MEYER has placed the useless navy-yard on a starvation basis. Having authority to discontinue the naval station at San Juan, Porto Rico, he recently ordered it to be dismantled and its machinery and few tools transferred to Guantanamo, which is to be the great naval base for the Panama Canal and the Caribbean. This insignificant station at San Juan employed eight artisans and about a dozen laborers; it has repaired during the past year nothing larger than a coal barge. Nevertheless, the Secretary's order brought forth an indignant protest from San Juan. The Chamber of Commerce added its official lamentations. By doing away with our useless navy-yards the military burden of the country could be reduced by some ten or more millions yearly.

Reaping the Crop

THOSE REFORMERS who hailed Governor DIX as another CLEVELAND, and defeated STIMSON to punish ROOSEVELT, steadily, month by month, have the privilege of seeing the Tammany grip grow tighter on the Empire State. J. SERGEANT CRAM, one of the most prominent of the Tammany leaders, was selected for the Public Service Commission, to replace an excellent man, and incidentally to make more unlikely the solution of the subway question—one of the most complicated municipal problems in America.

President and Senate

SPEAKING OUT is the fashion. President TAFT, in stating just what he believes to be the most active opposition to reciprocity, has gained with the country. In showing willingness to face the privilege-loving reactionaries of his own party he has also set himself a strengthening example, which, let us hope, will bear fruit as long as Mr. TAFT is in the public service.

Collier's

A Tribute

IF ALL PLUMBERS had a passion for diamonds and bought the best and largest that their incomes would afford, then the size of the stone on your plumber's shirt front would be a reliable barometer of the community's standard of hygiene. Where the friendless plumber is a prosperous and highly respected citizen, the people of his neighborhood—or village—live in comfort in modern houses, and usually understand first principles of healthful living. That was a wise culture center which, instead of advertising itself as "the Athens of southern Kansas" boasted of the number of its bath-tubs and sleeping porches. For all his deliberate manners, short hours, and incurable forgetfulness, the plumber has managed to accomplish a tremendous amount of useful labor. What a record of achievement he might have to his credit if he had worked all of the hours in which he was going back and forth from the shop after tools that he forgot to bring with him! It was only about twenty years ago that "completely modern" houses began to be the property of citizens of average means. In so progressive a State as Kansas, a plumber in Salina twelve years or so ago was publicly derided when he exhibited a modern bath-room equipment in his front window. Now that same town is boasting of the amount of money it has invested in all sorts of plumbing.

Fiction in Washington

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY of the District of Columbia shows, in its last annual report, that in the last five years the proportion of fiction circulated has run down from eighty-four to sixty-two per cent. The report for the fiscal year, which ends on the 30th of this month, will show a still further drop, as each month so far of the present year, as compared with corresponding months last year, shows a drop of from one to three per cent. The decrease is not only relative but absolute. We congratulate Mr. BOWERMAN and invite information from other libraries.

The Way It Is Done

AFRIEND has sent us a "prospectus for a goose farm." It is one of the most perfect and convincing promoter's arguments we have seen. And all so brief and direct: Number of stockholders, 3; shares of stock, 3 at \$100 par value; 300 geese at \$1 each; 3 eggs per week per goose, 900 eggs per week—900 times 52 equals 46,800 eggs a year, and 3 times 46,800 equals 140,400 eggs in 3 years; 140,400 eggs incubated, allowing for 40,400 bad eggs, means 100,000 geese; 3 pounds of feathers per goose, at \$1 per pound, will bring \$300,000; 100,000 pairs of goose livers, at 60 cents a pair, will mean \$60,000; 2 buttons from each goose bill, at 1 cent each, means \$2,000; 100,000 dressed geese at \$1.50 each would bring \$150,000, and the estimated operating expenses total \$190,000. Here is the balance sheet:

INCOME	EXPENSES
Feathers.....\$300,000	Capital invested.....\$ 300
Goose livers..... 60,000	Operating expenses..... 100,000
Buttons..... 2,000	
Dressed geese..... 150,000	
 Total.....\$512,000	 Total.....\$190,300
Expenses..... 190,300	
 Net profit.....\$321,700	

To each stockholder would be paid a net profit of \$107,267, or an annual income on his \$100 investment of \$35,755. Where the flaw is may be discovered by those who read prospectuses sent out by the Sterling Debenture Corporation and other happy possessors of "sucker lists."

Agriculture in Florida

THE "FLORIDA GROWER," an agricultural journal, is making an energetic appeal to prospective farmers to investigate personally land offered them before purchasing.

To the man who can come down here to Florida to view its beauties and pick out the spot that suits him best, this State holds forth much. The pity of it all is that, with so much good land available at low prices, people who have determined to own a home in Florida are being stung by irresponsible real estate and colonization promoters. They are buying land that they have never seen, that is claimed to produce anything under the sun, and which, as a matter of fact, is worthless, or nearly so. Pictures are shown of productive farms probably miles away from the scene of the colony. Houses are pictured where there are no houses.

When the big freeze of 1895 destroyed the orange groves, a few men planted vegetables. Few expected good results in soil that had always been thought unfit for them. To the surprise of the growers, however, the crops were abundant and easily disposed of at good prices. They used the simplest farming methods, yet in 1908, when the State was only five per cent developed, garden products were sold for more than \$18,000,000. Development companies scented a fat feast. With literally millions of acres of land selling at \$5 and less per acre, the prospects of profit were tremendous. Some of the land is good, much is swamp, and much is useless white sand, but it is all classed together. The reputable companies court investigation, and the Department of Agriculture will analyze soils.

Cost of Graduation

MANY BOYS AND GIRLS drop quietly out of their classes before commencement day and sacrifice their diplomas because their parents can not afford the dress worn by the other pupils at the exercises. A superintendent in Illinois in a recent report said: "Too often

our high school commencement exercises are robbed of all their true significance and dwindle into a mockery—a cheap peacock parade." This sharp comment was made after he had received reports from twenty-five graduates of the largest high schools in the country, showing that the boys spent on an average for clothes and invitations \$35.40 and the girls \$58.18. The State Superintendent of Illinois says that the brightest and most ambitious girl in one high school feigned ill health and dropped out because her father could not afford money for the display connected with graduation. The dress becomes more costly each year. One of the expenses which is often practically obligatory is the class photographs, and photographs become more and more costly. The personal invitation to the exercises is also a fairly recent added expense. Even persons quite outside the family of the graduates have to share the increasing cost because the custom is growing up of giving presents in return for these invitations. One of the most conspicuous evils in girls' schools throughout the country is the large portion of the conversation of every day, month in and month out through the year, which is devoted to clothes. Several expedients regarding the graduating exercises have been resorted to. One is caps and gowns, which can be rented or made at home. Another is that the gowns be made in the school by the pupils.

Changing Wonders

THE TELEGRAPH, the telephone, anesthetics, photography, X-rays, are taken for granted, and "wireless," sky-navigation, and talking machines, must soon be as casually accepted. There is for us little more magic in a railroad train than in a wheelbarrow, but it was not so when EMERSON wrote in his "Journal" in 1834:

One has dim foresight of hitherto uncomputed mechanical advantages who rides on the railroad, and, moreover, a practical confirmation of the ideal philosopher that matter is phenomenal, while men and trees and barns whiz by you as fast as the leaves of a dictionary. As our tea-kettle hissed along through a field of May flowers, we could judge of the sensations of a swallow who skims by trees and bushes with about the same speed. The very permanence of matter seems compromised, and oaks, fields, hills, hitherto esteemed symbols of stability, do absolutely dance by you.

To some minds life teaches that there is nothing new under the sun. To others, with better moral appetite, nothing is ever old. The locomotive does not lose its wonder, but snares it with water, air, and fire, with the fact of living, and with every plant that breathes.

Guidance

BOSTON IS SETTING AN EXAMPLE which will undoubtedly be followed by the rest of the country, in what she is doing in the field of vocational guidance. To help young people secure the kind of work which is fitted to their abilities is obviously of the first importance, but it requires such knowledge, general intelligence, and special fitness in those who are conducting it that as the movement spreads there will undoubtedly be a lot of adventurers who go into it for their own profit. The Boston work, under the lead of MEYER BLOOMFIELD, is being conducted in the highest possible manner. One of the recent steps is to publish a series of pamphlets on such subjects as "The Grocer," "The Architect," "The Baker," "Telephone Operating," "Bookbinding," "Stenography and Typewriting," "Millinery," "Dressmaking," "Straw-hat Making," "Confectionery Manufacture," telling the boy or girl about the conditions of the work, the requirements, the pay, and the opportunities to get ahead. It would be impossible to estimate the loss to a community in efficiency and happiness which grows out of the number of young people who go into the wrong occupation. Following the Boston example, the Poughkeepsie Board of Education has issued a booklet for free distribution to the schoolgirls of the city, called "Choosing an Occupation," and showing the kind of work open in that city. In more than a dozen cities and towns throughout the country there are vocational guidance committees or bureaus at work. As Professor HANUS says, in the preface to Mr. BLOOMFIELD'S book, called "The Vocational Guidance of Youth":

Vocational guidance does not mean helping boys and girls to find work, but to find the kind of work they are best fitted to do well. It does not mean prescribing a vocation. It does mean bringing to bear on the choice of a vocation organized information and organized common sense.

For the first time in the history of education Harvard University will have a course on Vocational Guidance at the Summer School in July.

Big Brothers

MANY CITIES throughout the United States have now taken up what is known as the "Big Brother" movement, a very effective step in the general effort of civilization to give the child a better chance. The "Big Sister" movement is the same thing applied to girls. Personal service is the essence of this work, and nothing in the world counts for so much as personal service. All realize now that it is absurd to blame the child who comes before the juvenile court. The business of society is not to blame but to help. We hear every day intelligent men and women of some leisure say that they wish they had some useful labor for their spare time. Anybody of reasonable tact and intelligence can be a "big brother" or a "big sister," and thereby spend time and strength as valuably as it can be spent. If you want to make your life of worth to your fellow beings, just look into this matter in your neighborhood and make yourself a part of it.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

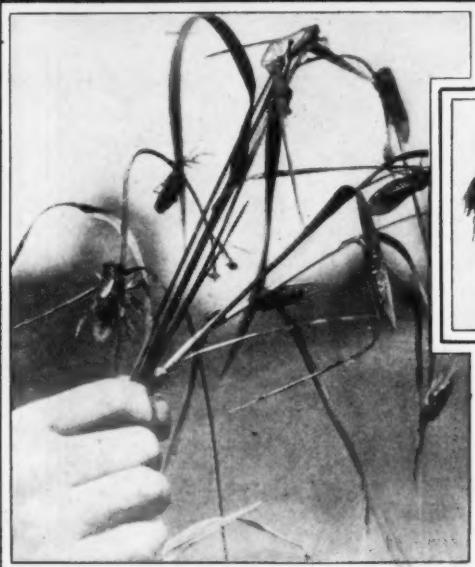
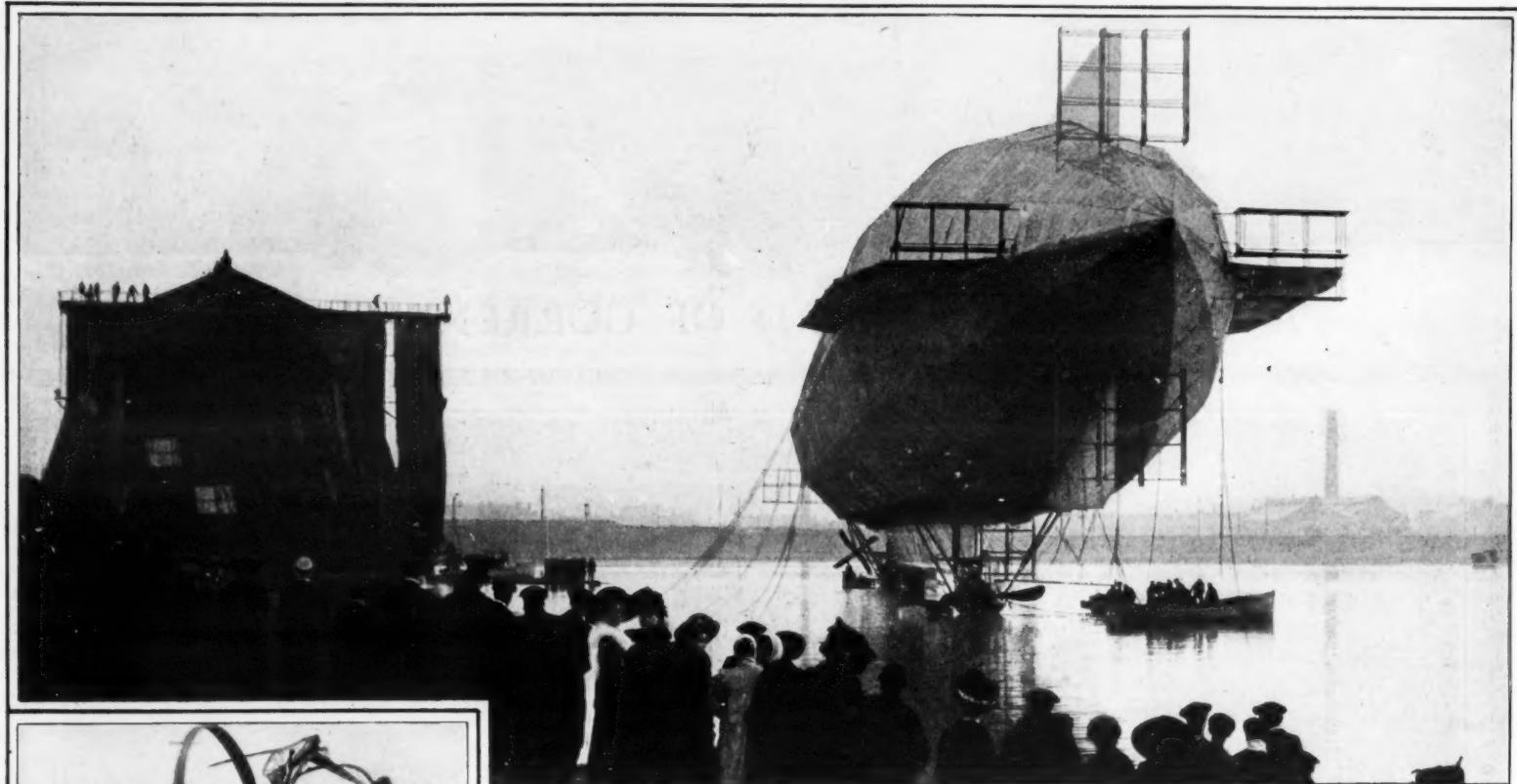
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



President Taft Reading the Memorial Day Address at the Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

Among the graves of over twenty thousand men, whose lives were sacrificed in the Civil War, President Taft delivered an address extolling the ideal of universal peace

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



The 1911 variety of the seventeen-year locust



The Seventeen-Year Locust

This insect, whose scientific name is *Cicada Septendecim*, has appeared in enormous swarms in various sections of the country. The grub burrows out of the ground, where it has lived by sucking the juices from the roots of trees and, emerging from its shell, flies to the shrubs and trees where the adult female lays her eggs in slits which she makes in the twigs and branches. Although these scars never heal, the injurious effects are confined chiefly to young trees in orchards, the weakened twigs frequently being broken by the wind.

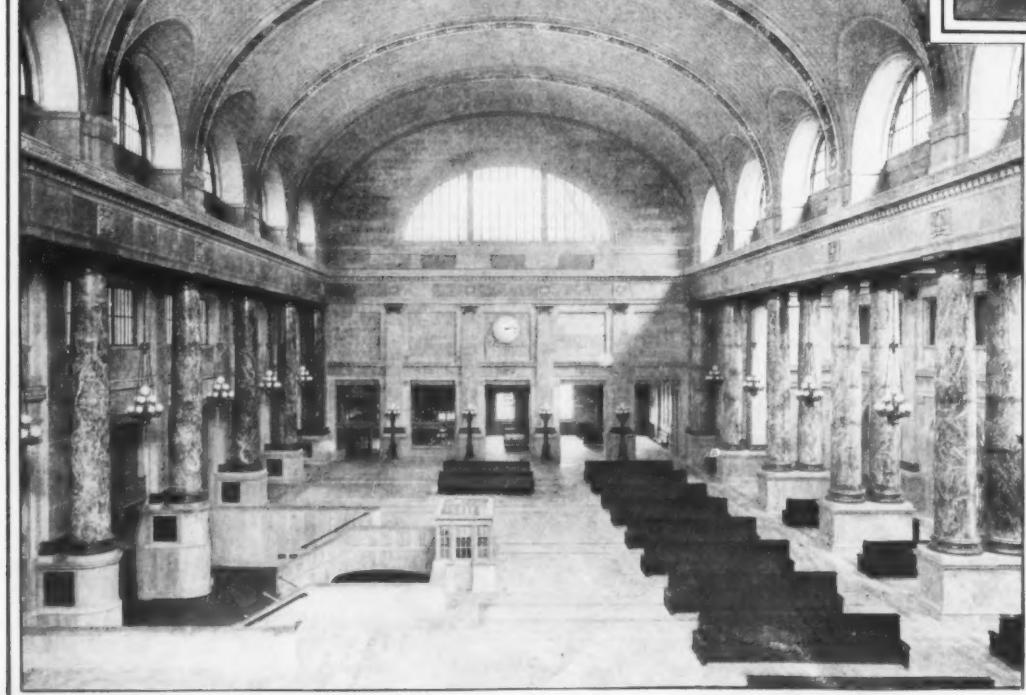
England's First Naval Airship

The dirigible airship of the English navy, which has been built with great secrecy, was launched on May 22 at Barrow-in-Furness. It has been named The Mayfly, and is 512 feet long, 48 feet in diameter, and has gas capacity of 700,000 cubic feet and a lifting power of 21 tons. She is driven by two 200-horsepower engines, carries 22 passengers, and is equipped with a wireless outfit.



The main entrance

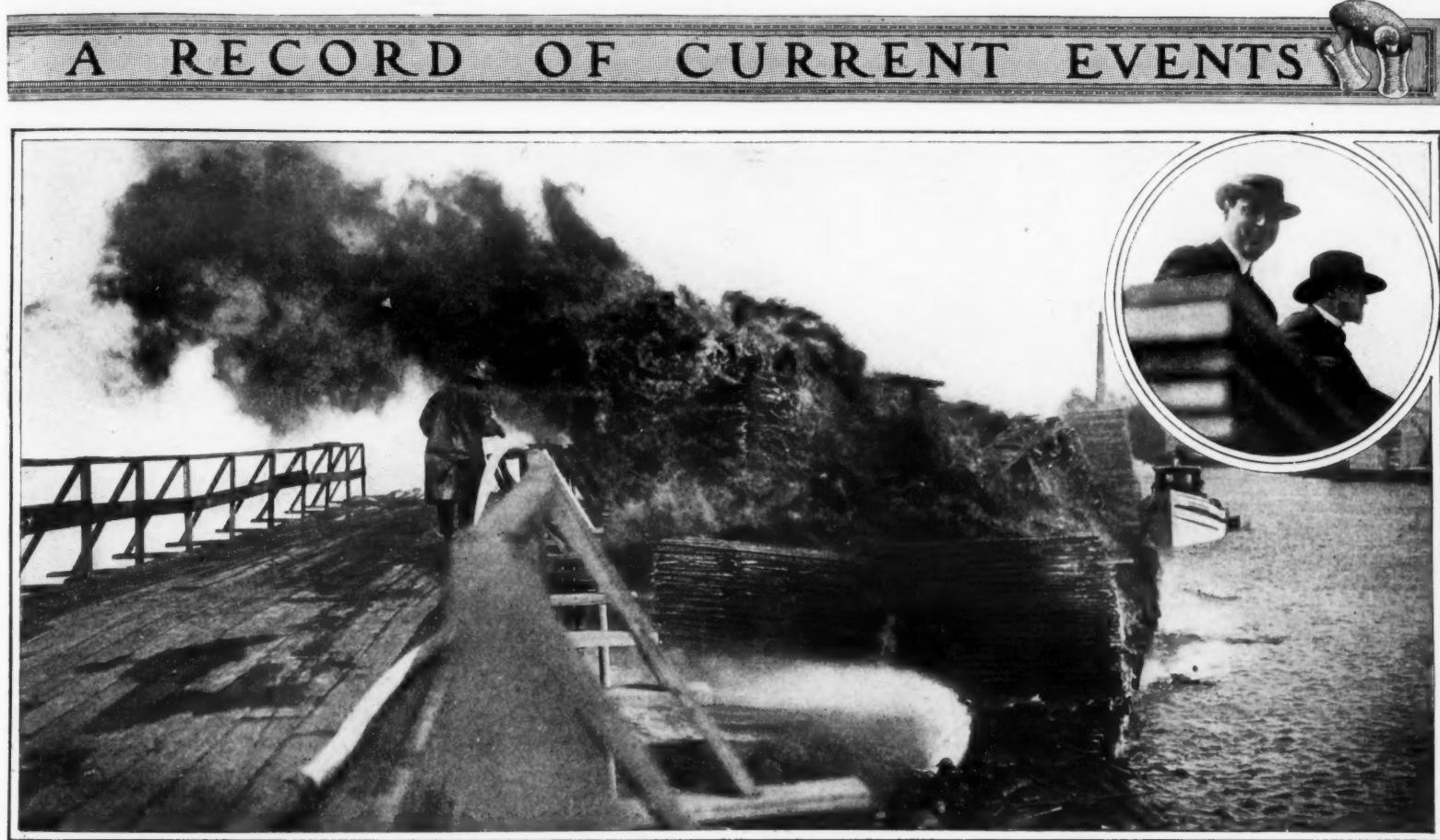
A New Railroad Terminal for Chicago
A new twenty-three-million-dollar station was opened to the traveling public in Chicago on Sunday, June 4, and the latest step in the perfection of travel and comfort offered to the patrons of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Company. More than half a decade has been consumed in the construction of this transportation terminal, and the exact amount expended is given as \$23,750,000. The new station, located at Madison and Canal Streets, is, with one exception, the largest railway terminal in the United States. It has a capacity of more than a quarter of a million passengers. Scarcely out of the Loop District of Chicago, the station occupies about thirteen acres between Kinzie, Madison, Clinton, and Canal Streets, of which ten acres are devoted to floor space. The total cost for building and train shed was \$6,380,000. The dimensions proper are 320 x 218 feet.



The waiting-room of the new Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Station at Chicago

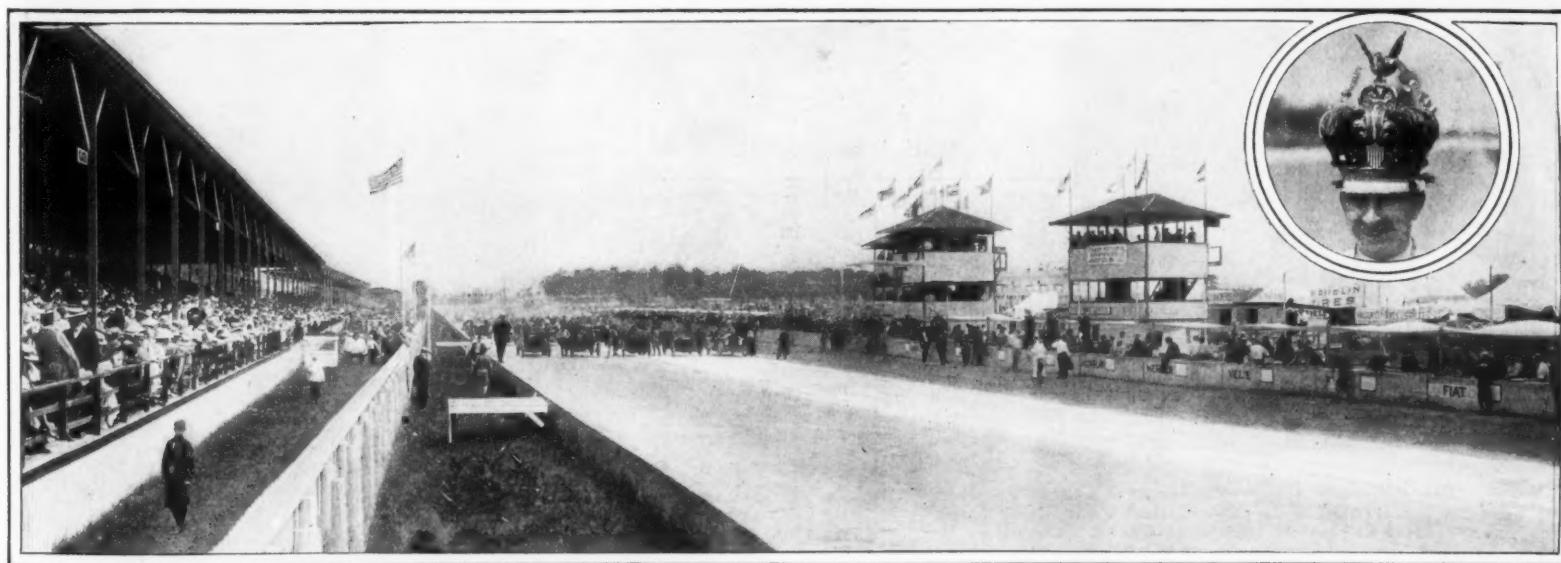


The train shed



A Fire Which Destroyed \$60,000 Worth of Lumber

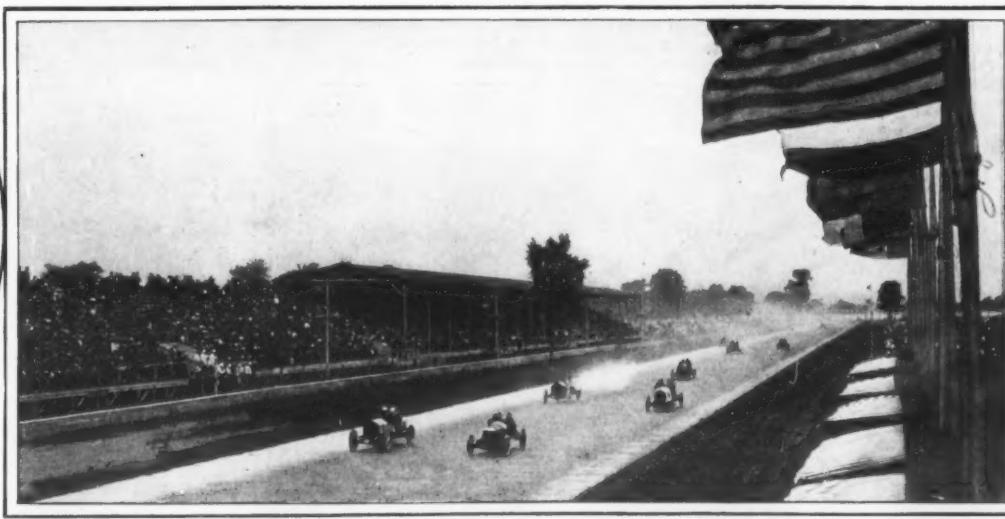
A photographer in Marinette, Wisconsin, has sent us this picture of the destruction of a \$60,000 pile of lumber in the yard belonging to Isaac Stephenson, the aged United States Senator from Wisconsin. The small picture in the upper corner shows Senator Stephenson and his son-in-law, Ralph Skidmore, seated on a pile of lumber calmly watching the fire. Senator Stephenson is one of a considerable group in the Senate who are identified in a large way with the lumber business



The start of the 500-mile International Sweepstakes at Indianapolis, on Memorial Day



Lytle's Apperson car overturned by Knight's machine



A view of the grand-stand stretch toward the end of the race

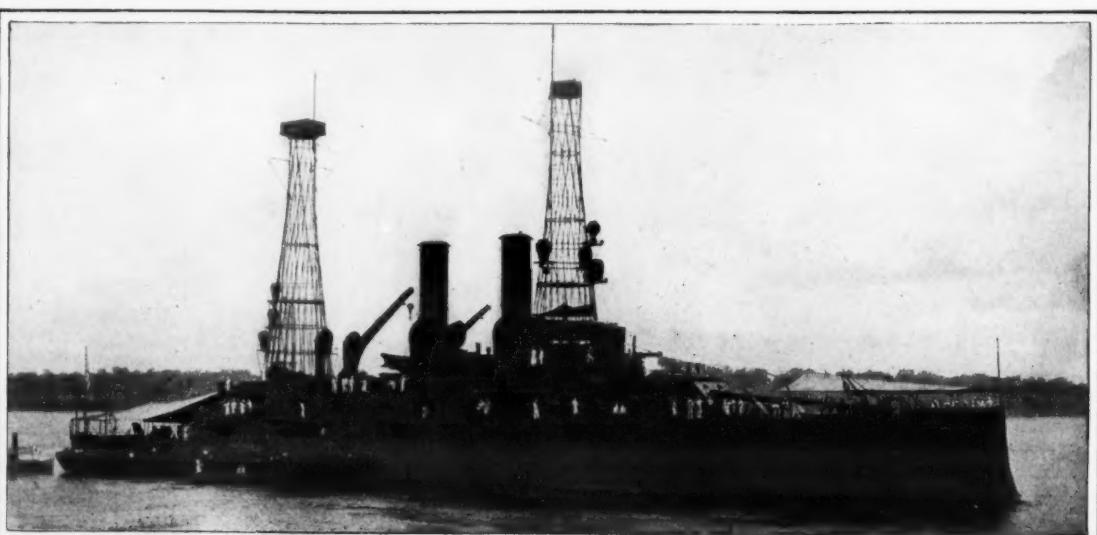
The Five-Hundred-Mile International Sweepstakes at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway

Ray Harroun, driving the Marmon car, won the 500-mile automobile race on Memorial Day in 6 hours 41 minutes 8 seconds. Over 80,000 spectators watched the contest between the forty drivers who started in the race. Dickson, the mechanician of the Amplex car, was killed and five others seriously injured. Before the race Bob Burman was presented with a solid gold crown bearing the inscription, "World's Speed King." He has traveled faster in an automobile than any other living man

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



The Tallest Office Building in the World
The new Woolworth Building to be erected on Broadway, New York City, will be, with the exception of the Eiffel Tower, the tallest in the world



The Battleship Idaho at Anchor Off Vicksburg

The people of the States bordering on the Mississippi recently had a view of a real battleship. The Idaho went up as far as Vicksburg, visiting the important river towns, and its officers were entertained by that Southern city



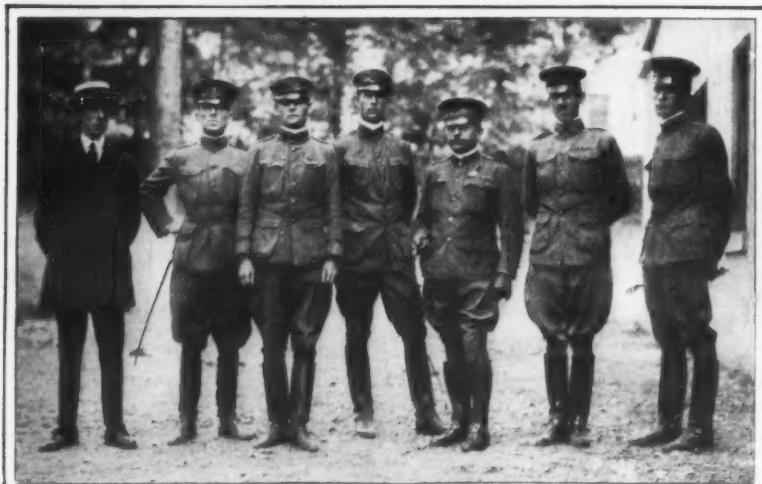
The bluejackets of the Idaho parading in Vicksburg



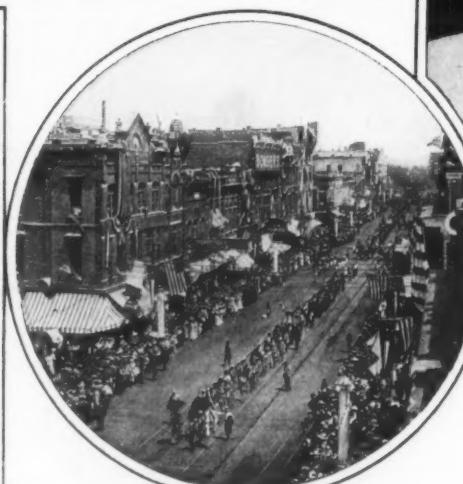
A Class in Table Etiquette
A spontaneous demand for a course in table etiquette was recently made by the young men of the Kansas State Agricultural College, and classes have been formed in conjunction with the girls' classes in domestic science. Instruction is given at five noonday meals each week, when four persons, one of whom is a teacher, sit at table and take turns in carving and serving. No verbal instruction is given and no one is corrected at the table, but all follow the example of the teacher



The Rebuilding of San Francisco
The Down Town Association has arranged to commemorate the rebuilding of San Francisco by a monument, to be placed on some unoccupied spot on Market Street, probably at its junction with O'Farrell and Fourth Streets. To that end a competition was held, and the prize was awarded to Haig Patigian, a sculptor of San Francisco. The figure at the base of the shaft represents Labor, with task completed, leaning upon the tool of accomplishment. A bronze Phenix is to be lighted by the crystal globe beneath it. The shaft will be of gray granite



The Officers of the United States Army at the International Horse Show, London
From left to right they are: Mr. Grant (trainer), Lieutenant Graham, Captain Henry, Lieutenant Johnston, Major Foltz, Captain Vidmer, Lieutenant Chaffee



A Parade of Confederate Soldiers
A reunion of the Veteran Confederate Volunteers at Little Rock, Arkansas, May 18

A RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



The Funeral Procession's Arrival at the Place of Cremation

Under the umbrella stands the present king; in the foreground, the ancient Jamruet band

The Cremation of a King

Ceremonies That Followed the Death of Chulalongkorn, Late Ruler of Siam

By MARY C. McFARLAND

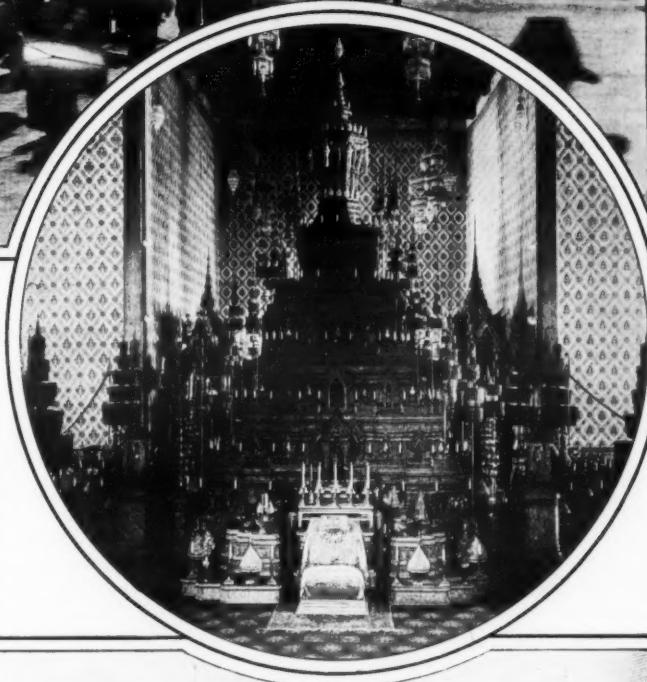
KING CHULALONGKORN, well-beloved ruler of Siam, died on the morning of October 23 last, and his funeral, six months later, was made the occasion of a most impressive and splendid ceremonial. His death occurred at the summer residence, and that same night the body, placed in a sitting posture in a copper casket enclosed in one of gold, was borne in procession back to the palace.

Weird and impressive indeed was this last return, through the still darkness of that tropical night. The city lights had been extinguished, and all telegraph wires on the line of march cut, that nothing might mar the absolute stillness. At 9.30 the procession started, on foot and in total darkness, save for lighted tapers borne by each person in the procession. Thousands of soldiers headed the line, then princes and high officials, and, for the first time in the history of the nation, ladies—wives of the noblemen—walked behind their King's body.

As the funeral palanquin bearing the jeweled casket reached the palace gate, all the bands pealed forth, simultaneously, the national anthem. According to Siamese belief, a person is not really dead until after the completion of the seven days' religious ceremony—hence the joyous welcome. It was their King returning home.

Carefully the solemn procession wound its way to the Dusit Maha Prasat, a chapel within the palace enclosure. Here it was placed, and subsequently there was erected in the large central hall a magnificent altar for its reception, where, surrounded by all the insignia of rank, the King lay in state until the day appointed for the final rites. During the six months that intervened, Buddhist services were held daily; and here representatives from all nations came to visit the bier and present their tributes—

floral offerings, magnificent gold and silver wreaths, and golden trees were brought. Meanwhile preparations were being made for the erection of temporary buildings in which the cremation would take place. Ordinarily these buildings for a king's cremation are very large, occupying years of labor and the expenditure of immense sums of money. His late Majesty had left a request, however, that while the ceremony should be marked with a mag-



The Funeral Chariot, and (above) the Casket Lying in State

For six months after the death of the King, his body, enclosed in a golden casket, lay in state on the splendid altar in the palace. Then it was borne in procession to the Phra Meru, where the cremation took place

nificence befitting his rank, there should be no unnecessary waste of money, and that the money thus saved should be used for the educational advance-

ment of his kingdom. His wishes were followed, and as a result every church, hospital, and school in the kingdom, regardless of creed, received useful gifts

(Concluded on page 30)

Lumber and Lorimer

ONE of the most common terms in the political vocabulary of the day is "special interests." (It is not a new term; Woodrow Wilson used it in a book that he wrote twenty years ago.) The most fundamental distinction between the Republican Congress that made a tariff in Washington two years ago and the present Democratic Congress is that the former was dominated by special interests, the latter is not. In a broad way, the same distinction applies to the parties as a whole. Of course, just in proportion as the Democratic Party becomes more successful, special interests will try to get a foothold in it, and the greatest danger to the party today is that men may seize places of power in it who are like the late Gorman of Maryland, whose work in keeping a high duty on sugar in the last tariff made by Democrats was denounced by Grover Cleveland as "party perfidy and dishonor." But the purpose of this page is merely to illustrate one case of "special interest"; the term is often used vaguely, or as a mere epithet, so that when a concrete case arises which is a perfect example it is useful to point it out.

The Free-Lumber Plank

IN JULY, 1908, the Democrats, in their National Convention at Denver, put this plank in their platform. It was perhaps their most important bid for votes, for "free lumber" was a conspicuous issue in the Middle West and in the doubtful territory generally; it carried some States and many Congressional districts for them:

"We demand the immediate repeal of the tariff on wood-pulp, print paper, lumber, timber and logs, and that these articles be placed upon the free list."

Less than a year later the Democrats had a chance to make good. The Republicans were making the Payne-Aldrich bill. On lumber they put a protective duty, of course. But several members, both in the Lower House and in the Senate, introduced free-lumber amendments. *If all the Democrats had stood by their platform pledge and voted for the free-lumber amendments, they would have passed, for a large number of Republican Insurgents were willing to vote, and did vote, for free lumber.* Moreover, President Taft was willing to throw the weight of his influences in favor of it. But several Southern Democrats deserted their party, voted with the Republicans, and free lumber was lost.

The affair created a great outcry. The party treason was denounced by the Southern newspapers, with a very few subsidized exceptions (the subsidized newspaper is much less common in the South than in the North). The most powerful Democratic paper in the United States used these words:

"These are political sins for which punishment is certain. They" "affront decency and good faith. They reveal a degradation in" "our political life which almost passes belief. They put the" "Democratic Party on trial, not for its principles, but for its" "honesty. Errors of judgment may be defended and excused, but" "perfidy finds no apologist anywhere."

At the time, the credit for bringing about this party treason, for the defeat of free lumber, was claimed by, and was generally conceded to, Edward Hines of Chicago and the National Association of Lumber Manufacturers, of which he was president. The Association consists of these affiliated organizations:

Northern Pine Mfrs. Ass'n,
Northern Hemlock and Hardwood Mfrs.
Ass'n,
Michigan Hardwood Mfrs. Ass'n,
Hardwood Mfrs. Ass'n of the United
States,
North Carolina Pine Ass'n (Inc.),
Georgia-Florida Saw Mill Ass'n (Inc.),
Yellow Pine Mfrs. Ass'n,
Redwood Mfrs. Ass'n.

Southern Cypress Mfrs. Ass'n,
Western Pine Mfrs. Ass'n,
Pacific Coast Lumber Mfrs. Ass'n,
The Oregon and Washington Lumber
Mfrs. Ass'n,
Southwestern Washington Lumber Mfrs.
Ass'n,
Pacific Coast Sugar and White Pine
Mfrs. Ass'n,
Redwood Mfrs. Ass'n.

In his official position as head of these organizations, Hines spent most of the tariff session at Washington (except when he was in Chicago attending to the election of Lorimer to the Senate). He was known there as an especially bold and aggressive lobbyist. But it was nearly two years later before the inside history of Hines's presence at Washington during that tariff session, and his connection with Lorimer, came out.

"Fixing Up" Southern Democrats

IN APRIL of the present year a committee of the Illinois Legislature was investigating Hines's connection with the \$100,000 fund that elected Lorimer. One of the witnesses was W. H. Cook of Duluth, a lumber man. He spoke of meeting Hines in Chicago one day in May, 1909. (That was on one of Hines's hurried trips from

Washington to Chicago; it was just when he was excessively busy at both ends—keeping the tariff on lumber in Washington and electing Lorimer in Illinois.) Cook was an official of the Rainy Lake Lumber Company. He swore:

"Mr. Hines was going through the lobby of the Grand Pacific Hotel and he saw Mr. Turrish and myself standing there. He stopped and spoke to us. Mr. Turrish asked him how he was getting on down in Washington. 'Oh,' he said, 'I am having a hell of a time. Now there is, for instance, old Stephenson. After I elected him he has gone down to Washington and started working there for free lumber. I had a terrible time getting him lined up.' Then he went on and told about what a time he had with the Southern Democrats. He said he would have them all fixed up to-day and to-morrow they would flop, and he would have to go and fix them all over again."

The Tariff-on-Lumber Democrats

THE Southern Democrats who voted against free lumber and who still remain in Congress are these Senators:

JOHN H. BANKHEAD, Ala.
JOSEPH F. JOHNSTON, Ala.
DUNCAN U. FLETCHER, Fla.
AUGUSTUS O. BACON, Ga.
MURPHY J. FOSTER, La.
JOHN WALTER SMITH, Md.

LEE S. OVERMAN, N. C.
FURNIFOLD M. SIMMONS, N. C.
BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN, S. C.
ROBERT L. TAYLOR, Tenn.
JOSEPH W. BAILEY, Texas.
THOMAS S. MARTIN, Va.

And these members of the Lower House:

From Alabama—TAYLOR, HOBSON.
From Florida—SPARKMAN, MAYS.
From Georgia—EDWARDS, ADAMSON, LEE, BELL, BRANTLEY.
From Louisiana—ESTOPINAL, BROUSSARD, WATKINS, RANSDELL, WICKLIFFE, PUJO.
From Mississippi—DICKSON.
From North Carolina—SMALL, POU, GODWIN, PAGE, WEBB.
From South Carolina—ELLERBE, LEVER.
From Tennessee—PADGETT, GORDON, MOON.
From Texas—DIES, GREGG.
From Virginia—GLASS, LAMB, SAUNDERS.

Now it is by no means to be charged that Hines approached all of these men. Bear in mind that he commanded the strength of all the affiliated members of the National Association of Lumber Manufacturers. That is what is meant by a well-organized "special interest." Hines could, and there is evidence that he did, telegraph to local members of the Association, in the districts of individual Congressmen, to bring pressure to bear. When one Southern newspaper severely criticized its local Congressman for voting against free lumber, practically every lumber manufacturer in the State—and of course they were, and are, wealthy men of much influence—called on the editor in a body to ask him to "ease up." Again, as recently as March, when reciprocity was being debated, Hines telegraphed some Louisiana lumber men to get their local Chamber of Commerce to pass anti-reciprocity resolutions. The whole case is well stated by the Shreveport (La.) "Times":

"Be the facts whatever they may, whether Hines fixed any of the Louisiana Congressmen directly, or whether, by working the wires, he induced the lumber interests in their districts to bring pressure to bear, they have been placed in a very unenviable light before the country by the revelations at Springfield. They will have a hard time getting away from the taint of the Lumber Trust and its methods, redolent of blatant and boastful corruption. . . . Democracy in Louisiana henceforth must be kept pure and undefiled. Those who hold Democratic commissions must not only avoid evil, but they must avoid the appearance of evil—they must leave the practise of protectionism to the Republicans."

Standing by Their Friends

THE "Southern Lumber Journal" of Norfolk, Virginia, enters the field of contemporary politics to say this:

"The lumbermen of Virginia should bear in mind that when their interests were . . . being led to the slaughter-house and they needed a friend, it was the Hon. Thomas S. Martin who 'shucked' his coat and stood from first to last for a \$2 duty on lumber. When he could not get \$2 he accepted \$1.50. But he stood by his people all along the line, and now it's up to them to stand by him. . . ."

"His people!" "Our kind of people!" Everybody knows what those phrases mean in the atmosphere of Washington.

"In other words, Senator Martin placed the best interests of his people and State above the platform platitudes of any man or party, and when the lumber people needed a friend he went to their rescue."

Do the Democrats of Virginia resent this sneering reference to their party platform? Or are they complacent about it?

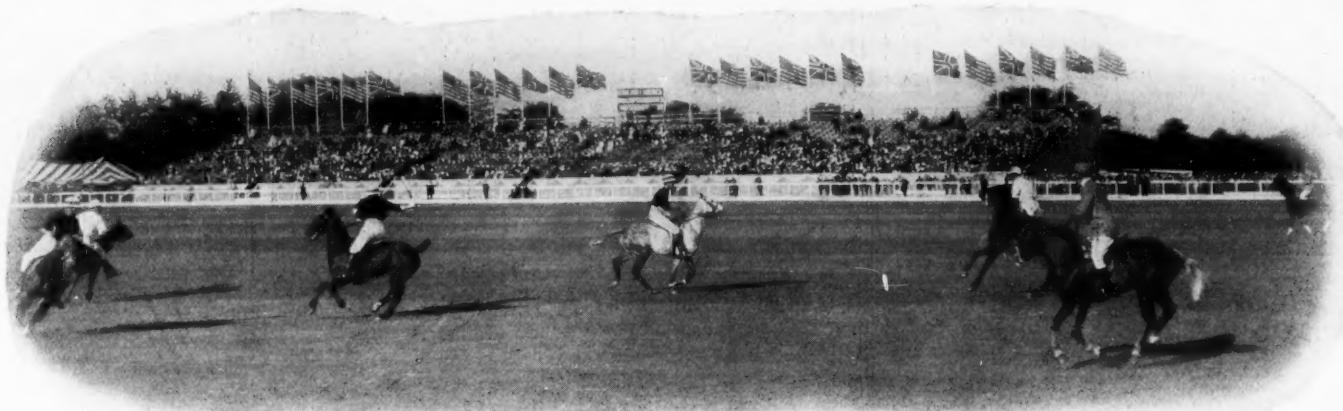
"Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and the lumber people of Virginia owe it to themselves, as well as to the industry to which many of them are giving the best efforts of their lives, to rally around the flag of Senator Martin in the approaching contest this summer and show their appreciation of his loyalty and fidelity . . . by giving to him their support, individually and collectively."

"Common gratitude on the part of the lumber people of Virginia would demand that they give Senator Martin their undivided support. . . . The time will come when we will need a friend at court again. . . ."

That time they have in mind, of course, is when the present Democratic Party undertakes to revise the tariff downward.

England and America at Meadow Brook

The Struggle for the International Polo Championship on Long Island



By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

OUR young men, entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness (and four ponies, shining like tar when it is poured out of the melting pot), endeavor, with fifty-inch mallet-headed sticks, excellently adapted to the purpose, to drive a white wooden ball the size of a baseball between two blue and white goal-posts at one end of a vast level field of the richest, greenest, closest cropped grass. But opposed to this scheme of things are four other young men and four other highly polished ponies, and for the convenience and happiness of these there is at the opposite end of the vast field (it is not a field: it is a plain) another pair of goal-posts.

The goals are narrow as heaven's gate.

The field is bounded along the sides by snow-white boards set on edge. Back of these boards, at a goodly space of turf, are stands to seat thirty thousand fortunate people. English flags, alternating with American flags, fly from the top row of the stands. Those flags have met before—not, as now, to stand peacefully side by side, but to advance upon each other, dipping and nodding—in red flame and white smoke and thunder.

The Garden-Party Spirit

TO REACH Meadow Brook, trains, one after the other in interminable procession, heavy with people, pass under cities and rivers. And one after the other from all points of the compass, across the Hempstead Plains, looking from afar like so many black ants, crawl purring, masterful, and reluctant, endless chains of automobiles. Who are they? and what are they, on this brightest, bluest, heavenliest day, when the strong men and the lovely women of two nations have declared that old friends are best friends, and that of all friends their favorite friend is man's first friend—the horse? Let the aeroplane shiver in the hangar; let the automobile smell in the parking space. Nobody loves them!

*Four things greater than all things are
Women and horses and power and war.*

The arrangements for receiving and handling the crowds were such as a gentleman with great experience in entertaining might devise for the management of a very large garden party. And I'm afraid that some of us Americans went down to Meadow Brook in very much too much of a garden-party spirit. On paper (which is answerable for almost as many crimes as liberty) we were not to see a contest, but a "showing up." We were going to see lots of people that are pleasant to see and talk to and say: "It's too bad it's so one-sided." And: "I do feel so sorry for them, poor dears!" and we were going to

rejoice in an unquestionable superiority. The last thing I expected for myself was a genuine thrill of any kind. And if at one time I discovered myself standing up, leaning forward (all gone inside—as when an express elevator too suddenly descends) and croaking hoarsely: "Go it, you dog!" I may have been surprised, but I was not a bit ashamed. But to my dying day I shall never know why I should have mistaken a centaur—an animal, half-man, half-horse, and all eyes and polo stick—for a dog.

Well, there was a little bit of a thrill before the game began. That was when the English ponies—



so shiny, so saucy, so beautiful, stepping so delicately and lightly—were paraded around the field, and a band with much brass thundered out with "God Save the King," and all the flags seemed to stiffen into salute, and all the people stood up and leaned forward and clapped, and eyes feasted upon perfect horses and bright colors and green grass.

Then the American ponies came and went, to a louder clapping of hands and to cries of sheer delight, so lovely were they, so stanch, so full of latent fire, so gay, so debonair. They came; they went. And presently there cantered quietly into the field from the southeast corner (you must imagine yourself near the center of the western side) a man upon a shining bay pony. And that he was one of "ours" you knew by the pale blue and white silk shirt that he wore. He looked very small indeed, all alone and far off, and until he began to hit the snow-white ball that was thrown in to him to play with you did not know which of ours he was. But the moment he swung his mallet, and you heard across the hundreds of feet the sharp resilient smack of the

stroke, and saw the ball travel like a white streak a third the length of the field, you knew that it was Mr. Devereux Milburn, mightiest of hitters, who was beginning to warm up. One by one the others followed him out, his team-mates, Mr. Whitney and the Messrs. Waterbury for Meadow Brook, and, in the dark blue of Hurlingham, the four players for England, Captain Wilson, Captain Cheape, Lieutenant Edwards, and Captain Lloyd. Some of them for the warming up (each had a ball to himself) rode at a swift gallop and hit hard. Others began at little better than a walk. The preliminary hitting was nervous and unsteady. In particular Mr. L. Waterbury, who had been in bed for two days with tonsilitis, rode gingerly, like a man who wishes to save his strength, and hit like a man who has not much strength to save.

After a while of this, gongs were rung, and the eight players and the eight ponies gathered in the very center of the field, and the two umpires, on quiet, handy ponies, rode out to them. I looked away from the white-breasted, white-helmeted groups of horsemen, and for the first time noticed the great white scoring-board that crowned the eastern stands. Across the top of this board were printed in bold, black letters two names. Everybody knows what a scoring-board looks like, because they have them at baseball and football games. But on this particular board you did not see New York matched with Chicago, Cleveland with Detroit, nor Yale with Harvard. You saw greater names than these side by side—that old heavy name that most of all has thundered down the ages; that younger, more joyous name, that in times to come shall most fill the ears of nations. You saw, and I think a lump must have risen in your throat:

ENGLAND—AMERICA

In the space between these mighty names it seemed to me that I saw two mighty calloused hands—clasped.

Confusion

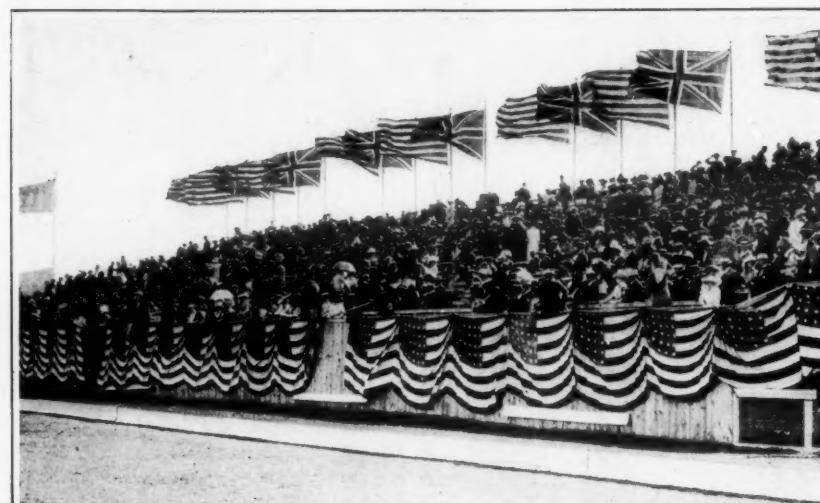
ONE of the umpires threw a ball to the players, and the international match had begun. And for a few moments you might have thought that the eight players had never played polo before. One American hooked mallets with another American, and that American's mallet was wrested from his grasp, and he galloped off to the side lines for another. While he was thus absent from the game the ball, feebly hit hither and thither, crossed to the other side of the field. Mr. Milburn saw it coming (this is how the matter looked to me) and began to fall off his pony. When he had fallen all the way



"The English ponies, stepping so delicately and lightly, were paraded around the field"



"Then the American ponies came and went, to a louder clapping of hands"



he stood for some moments on his head—like Old Father William in the song. And then he rolled slowly on to his back and shoulders. And then he got up.

With Mr. J. M. Waterbury gone for another mallet, and with Mr. Milburn standing idly on his head and waving his legs, there remained to defend the Americans' goal from the four ruthless invaders Mr. Whitney and Mr. L. Waterbury. Each of these missed the ball a few times, and then the Englishman bungled an easy shot for goal, and the ball went out of bounds. This means that play stops until one of the players (Mr. Milburn for America), the line of whose goal has been crossed, hits the ball back into the field. To do this he takes his time, and all the players come to a sort of prancing halt and wait for him.

Years and years ago, when Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., rewrote the English polo rules for the American disposition, he left out the offside rule and the rule which permits the hooking of mallets. By this stroke of genius and the pen he changed a slow, methodical, half stationary, scrimmaging game into a game that has for its basis hockey, simple and undefiled, and for its glory the furious, blood-curdling racing of thoroughbred horses. Polo is thrilling and beautiful to watch in exact ratio to the speed at which it is played. Slow polo is about as inspiring as the fire music at the end of "Götterdämmerung," executed to the tempo of the dead march in "Saul."

If it isn't fast—it isn't polo.

Whatever checks the speed of the game hurts it greatly, both as an opportunity for the highest skill and courage and as a spectacle.

The offside rule is very hard to explain. The gist of the matter is that often when you are right on the ball, and galloping fast, the rule does not allow you to follow up your rush logically and hit it again. The no offside rule under which Americans play polo, being interpreted, says: "Whenever you get a chance to hit the ball hit it—if that will help your side." As for the hooking of mallets, which, alas! has been reincorporated in our rules, it introduces into moments of swift, glorious, generous play an element of spite, malice, and quibbling.

The Hooking of Mallets

A MAN riding a runaway horse takes the ball half, three-quarters the length of the field with strong, clean strokes; just as he is about to make that last stroke, which if well directed will score for his side, here rushes in behind him some one with extended mallet, who interferes with his stroke; the ball is not even touched; it stops rolling; players

override it, turn, come back to it, group about it, reach for it; ponies kick it and stand on it; all action ceases; all speed, all beauty; and there enters into the almost stationary, futile mix-up the dark malicious spirit of chance. And as to any earthly good that the hooking of mallets does, I have yet to be informed. It has been tried out now, and oh, from the bleachers at least, how dismally it has been found wanting! To run races in which the contestants were permitted to trip

"English flags, alternating with American flags, fly from the top row of the stands"

each other up would have exactly the same effect. It might be very funny, but it wouldn't be racing.

But we must return to our sheep. For they are still sheep—all huddled together—all missing the ball, as if they had never learned to hit it, and all out of their proper places. Suddenly Mr. Whitney broke loose with the ball in command, and turned into a centaur. He flashed almost electrically half the length of the field, spurning pursuit, and hit the first goal of the game.

You knew it was a goal because a red flag began to wigwag furiously between the posts, and people stood up and yelled.

"Aha!" said the wise ones. "Meadow Brook has waked up. Now we'll show 'em." But we did not.

these superior forces played our team clean off their feet and clean up into the air. The English team became a machine—swift, sure, and daring. One by one they stole from us the gifts at which we are supposed to shine—quickness in thought, quickness in seeing the ball, quickness in getting to it. As for sureness of hitting, that is an Englishman's birthright. To play as good polo as can be played, they lacked one thing: to carry the ball up the field to our goal line was easy for them, but to drive it between the posts and score—that they could not do. They gave themselves many chances, and they missed and they missed. If I had been an Englishman, my heart would have broken them and there. Instead I kept breathing again.

But don't think that the Englishmen didn't make any goals. They made four of them. But they might have made eight. They had their chance—and they just simply could not take it, and then Meadow Brook came to.

Mr. Milburn had already struck his gait and was saving goals right and left, and hitting tremendously. But it was for Mr. Whitney to collect the latent brilliancy of his team and make a victory.

There came then diagonally across the field, upon a powerful pony that ran like a scared rabbit, out of chaos into the game—a leader. All the way he and his pony leaned into an Englishman and his, carrying them wide of the ball in a long arc like a strung bow. And Mr. Whitney carried the ball too, stroke after stroke, deep into hostile territory. The play did not actually score, but it had a spectacular and inspirational quality that turned the tide of battle. You could hear Mr. Whitney's voice now raised in command and encouragement and in downright inspiration. You could have heard it if you had been a mile away; and you would have known that the owner of it was a man laboring under an exaltation of excitement and doing extraordinary things.

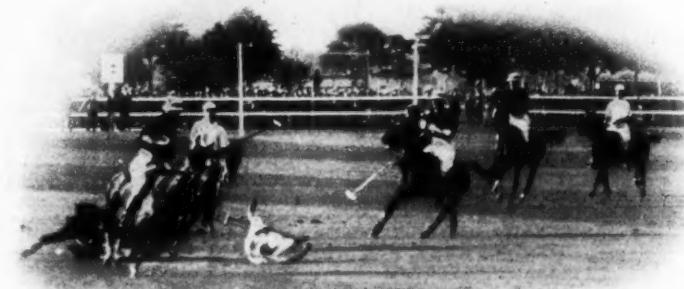
Too Fast for Team-Work

Men who do not know what fear is do not play good polo. That is because you must be very intelligent to play polo, and intelligent people know danger when they see it, and only go out of the way to meet it when necessary. When Mr. Whitney, a player noted for steadiness and cool judgment rather than brilliancy, began to rise to great heights of the latter, Mr. Milburn and Mr. J. M. Waterbury followed his lead and became reckless. And they began to do those things for which they are famous whenever Anglo-Saxons meet together to talk of skill and daring. The pace at which these three men now played was too fast for team-work.

They rode to break their necks. The game was practically lost, and they had decided to win it. Seven devils possessed each of them.

That beautiful team play and serene coolness of the English team began to break into fragments. And they went down before a series of individual

(Concluded on page 28)



"Waterbury's fall was not comical like Milburn's, but hard and dangerous-looking"

It became rapidly evident that the Snark which we had come to hunt was not a Snark at all, but a Boojum!

There was a collision in midfield, and Mr. L. Waterbury fell very heavily on the base of his neck and shoulders. His pony deserted, and he rose and walked slowly down the field for a fresh one. Mr. L. Waterbury weighs a little too much, and his fall was not comical like Mr. Milburn's, but hard and dangerous-looking. I think he was badly shaken. And I think that all through the rest of the game he played like a man dazed and uncertain—uncertain of his seat in saddle, uncertain of just where to go, of just what to attempt.

In the clubhouse, where refreshments might be had, men talked sadly of this. And they remembered how, in his first international game, Mr. L. Waterbury, playing back for America, covered himself with such glory that Mr. Buckmaster, who was the greatest player in all England, said that Mr. L. Waterbury was the greatest player in all the world.

It has been said that on that glorious occasion this astounding athlete was frequently seen in seven different parts of the field at the same time; and that general officers accustomed to estimating the numbers of enemies accurately at a glance, maintained that he had a hundred eyes and a hundred arms.

Not so now. He is not the Mr. L. Waterbury that he was yesterday—that he will be to-morrow. And even at that he made a goal for us in this first international game, and the Lord knows that we needed it.

The English Machine

IT DEVELOPED presently that the four dark-blue shirted Englishmen who had started in the game had multiplied and increased. For several full periods of seven and a half minutes each (eight periods make a game and you change ponies between them) there were never less than six Englishmen in the field, and often there were eight. And



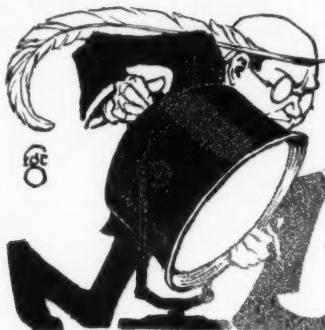
The American Newspaper

A Study of Journalism in Its Relation to the Public

By WILL IRWIN

XI.—“Our Kind of People”

The line where advertising influence becomes undeniably dangerous to the public interest—when advertisers slant or choke editorial policies. The process, still more dangerous, where the advertiser is the club of “big business” over the newspaper. Examples from the history of the Standard Oil Company, the Sugar Trust, the Coca-Cola Company, and other “interests,” point the moral of this article



to which its older and more conservative rivals remained blind. Though sales and subscriptions had arrived, advertising lagged.

A solicitor entered.

“Nothing doing with the Sound Coal Company’s ad,” he said. “You remember you told me to ask why they advertised with the ‘News’ and the ‘Globe’ at their rate, and not with us at ours?”

“Yes.”

“Well, they said the ad in the ‘Globe’ was a mistake, anyhow. They didn’t intend to keep it up. They’re going to do all their advertising in the ‘News’ hereafter. I asked for a reason; of course I knew, but I wanted them to put themselves on record. And they were fools enough to do it.”

“What did they say?”

“We give our business to our kind of people.”

And “our kind of people”—the newspaper which I have called the “News”—was weaving a curious web of history. A fine, established property, it had been offered for sale two years before; the price was probably about \$1,500,000. A financial reporter, able but penniless, had bought it and become its visible head. Reformers and rivals suspected where the money came from, even found the bank upon which the reporter drew; they could never trace the real purveyor. From that time forth the “News” went on, an excellent journal technically, free and wise on national issues, sharp in reporting unimportant local news, but blind to certain political and corporate abuses in its own city and State. So was it “our kind of people”; and so it prospered in the department of advertising.

Here was an example of that stage in advertising control when the process grows dangerous to a free press and a free commonwealth. It would seem on the surface that the ordinary suppression of news, as when a department store keeps its own accidents and scandals from the public, matters very little in the aggregate. That is not true, as every honest newspaper man knows; such things work with marvelous certitude to take the spirit and independence out of a newspaper staff—but let that pass. When, however, the advertiser presumes to dabble in editorial policies, the harm is patent and beyond argument. Still less is there room for argument when he slants or silences newspaper policies on behalf of what we call “big business.”

For to a degree varying with the locality, “big business” is a complicated web of mutual interests, mutual concessions. The coal company, like this one which favors “our kind of people,” has borrowed from a bank, and hypothecated its stock with a trust company. Its directors have intimate relations with directors of public utility corporations and trusts. And “big business,” though often torn by internal dissensions, divided into hostile factions, presents a fairly undivided front to the outsider. So, from

high finance to the small advertiser, comes an influence which affects the greater policies of newspapers. This is not yet a system, although certain pirates have tried to make it one. Nevertheless, it is a potent influence.

As an example of the first stage of this process—the advertiser looking out for his own—take a late social phenomenon in Chicago. The newspapers of that city, detractors to the contrary notwithstanding, are fairly free from advertising control over the news. Some of them even give the name of the store in reporting a shoplifting case—a little thing, but significant. Nevertheless, there are ugly spots in Chicago, fair game for newspaper investigation, which have never seen the light because an advertiser has protected them. In 1909, after the investigation of the “White Slave Traffic” in New York, the Chicago newspapers got up some excitement by exposing a like condition in their slum district. One-half of the story they never told. A feeder of the dive and brothel is the cheap department store, which pays wages at a scale below the lowest cost of living, and all but forces its girls employees to supplement their wages by other means. In this respect Chicago is perhaps a little worse than the average. And, although the reporters who investigated the white slave traffic itched to shout it out to the public, no Chicago newspaper whispered the fact that this business policy makes “white slaves.” The publishers have their defense, but it will not stand in court. They say that the white slave prosecutions came out in regular course of the news, that they would have to “go out after” the department store feeder. But the Chicago newspapers were all “going out after” things which did not touch their interests, just then the “Tribune,” free again after a period of half-control, was departing from its news-routine to attack Senator Lorimer’s election. Even such an enlightened and independent newspaper, upstairs and down, as the New York “World,” showed its fear of department store advertising when it rejected the late O. Henry’s “Unfinished Story.” The author was then under contract to deliver a story a week. He had scoured or ridiculed all Manhattan—“society” and slums, clergy and police alike. This story, however, treated of a store-girl who was weighing her meager seven dollars a week against her virtue. Out it went, although, after a magazine published it, “The Unfinished Story” became O. Henry’s most popular tale. I give the “World” absolution, however. When, last year, Gimbel Brothers entered New York with a new department store and tried to change the name of Greeley Square to Gimbel Square, the “World” risked its advertising to resist them.

Now let us carry the matter one stage further back. If “big business” be well enough organized, the advertiser may ask extension of the favor, claim the privilege for other companies and corporations in which he holds shares, or with which he is allied by interest and sympathy. Philadelphia has poor transportation facilities. Not only do the Philadelphia department stores press hard on newspaper policies which touch their immediate interests—as when they tried to suppress news of the late general strike

—but they stand guard between the newspaper and the transportation companies. Though better transit would halve the time between suburb and shopping district, thereby bringing more customers to the stores, the alliance between street railways and banks, banks and department stores, holds advertisers to a policy against their own ultimate interests.

Denver saw the system come clean to the surface. Colorado was engaged in the desperate war between the Mine Owners’ Association and the Western Federation of Miners—vested injustice against mob violence. The factions cleft the State; business sided with the mine owners, labor with the Federation. T. M. Patterson’s “News” and “Times,” alone among Denver newspapers, supported the miners. If Patterson was pleading partly for his private interests, so were the others; if he had only half the right on his side, so had the others. When the fight reached its climax, the advertisers in formal meeting withdrew their support from these important newspapers. The department stores left in a body. But for an accident, Patterson must have thrown his whole fortune into the doubtful balance, or failed. He found that \$40,000 worth of stock in one department store was on the market. He purchased this share for spot cash; as a member of the company he forced the advertising back into the “News”; and the other department stores, by the law of competition, had to abandon “principle” and follow.

Standard Oil tested this peculiarity of journalism in the nineties, and found it good for the purposes of Standard Oil. The company was in the desperate pipeline war. It had bought a string of newspapers from Oil City to Cleveland, but it could get no other support. All Ohio journalism was snapping at its heels. Dan O’Day, the clever old Standard Oil “fixer,” visited Toledo to see what could be done.

“I’ve got it—Mica Axle Grease!” he said one day. Mica Axle Grease was a new by-product of Standard Oil. One small factory was manufacturing it as an experiment.





With every Ohio newspaper worth considering, O'Day placed an advertisement for Mica Axle Grease. He drew the contracts to run eighteen months, cash payment monthly. Nearly all accepted. Some, seeing the purport of this advertisement, asked four or five times the regular rate. O'Day held them to their cards. He said not one word about policy. He merely sent out the contracts and the monthly checks, and waited.

By two months the tone of the Ohio press had changed. By six months, some of the stiffer-necked, relying on the certainty of Standard Oil payment, had begun to discount the monthly check at the bank in advance of its arrival, whereupon they, too, "shut up." By a year the "knocking" of Standard Oil ceased in Ohio.

"It Pays to Advertise"

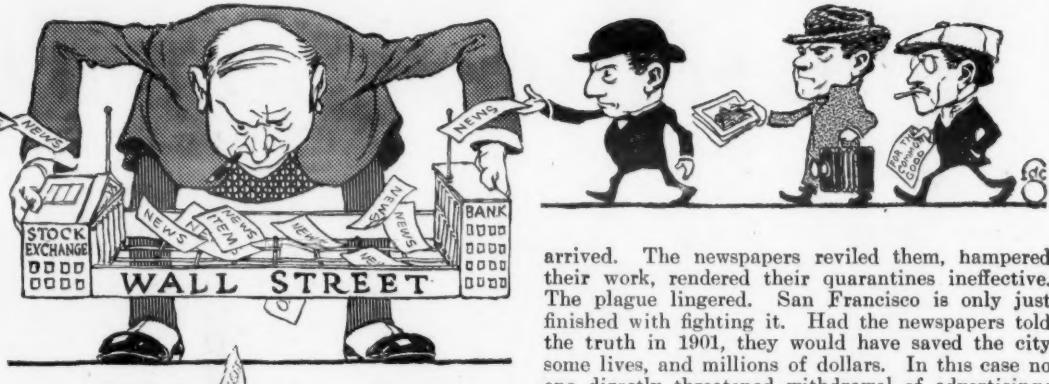
THIS campaign had one unexpected result. Before the eighteen months expired, Mica Axle Grease had put up six new factory buildings to meet the demand. From an unconsidered by-product it became a most valuable profit-maker. This story, therefore, illustrates in two ways the value of advertising.

Respect for the advertiser and his backer held part of the Southern press in line for the old régime during the prohibition wave. The Anti-Saloon League, the power behind the movement, nominated no candidate of its own. Instead, it threw its power always to that candidate of the old parties least committed to the liquor interests, and most friendly to prohibition. So, when once it got over the ridge, it rolled down hill like a snowball, gathering in politicians. Men who drank their pint of straight whisky a day took the stump successively for local option, for county option, for State-wide prohibition. Had they looked more to subscribers than to advertisers, nearly all the newspapers would have made the same bid for popularity. But brewers and manufacturers of "bottle goods" advertise heavily, and especially in prohibition districts, where the consumer must order by mail. The brewers and distillers issued a few warnings by ceasing to advertise in newspapers which "went dry." The lesson stuck. Certain struggling journals, just above the margin of profits, looked affectionately on their three or four columns of liquor advertisement. Without one word of warning from politicians or liquor firms, they opposed prohibition, or, in districts where the sentiment was too strong, held their peace. The brewers bribed newspapers, it is true; in Missouri they subsidized—and may still be subsidizing—many country editors. The country newspaper is either the angel or the devil of journalism. But this fear for revenue was, after all, their best card.

The "Tacit Offer of Friendship"

THE American Tobacco Company has availed itself of this weakness in the press; and, more recently, the Sugar Trust. The late sugar exposé in which Secretary of War Stimson won his spurs, came in two episodes—a little tempest, prematurely lulled, and then the storm. During the lull the Trust inserted in the newspaper trade journals advertisements and "reading notices," proclaiming a \$100,000 advertising campaign in the newspapers, and communicated with publishers to the same effect. They never asked any favors—doubtless, like O'Day, they were too wise to take that risk. They must have known that the sight of such a large, profitable advertisement in his pages would influence a weak brother here and there, make him tone down his editorial attacks or withhold his hand altogether. A national advertising expert who has done such work sums it up as follows: "Advertising is practical psychology. I know that the advertisement is a kind of tacit offer of friendship. It won't silence all the press, nor even most of it, but I calculate that it will take at least twenty-five per cent of the force out of a general newspaper attack."

We have just witnessed, however, a case where the work must have been done not with a rapier but with a bludgeon. The Coca-Cola Company of Atlanta, maker of a popular soda-fountain beverage, has been through another phase of its litigation with the Government's pure-food experts. Dr. Har-



vey W. Wiley charged that the addition of free caffeine to the mixture was in violation of law. The case was tried in Chattanooga, and the company won. Now Coca-Cola is one of the greatest of national advertisers, and it uses the newspapers liberally in the "dry" South, where its wares are widely consumed as a non-alcoholic substitute for liquor. Many Southern newspapers demanded that the Associated Press carry news of the trial, the Associated Press, being servant to the whole body of its newspapers, very properly acquiesced. So the decision was freely reported—even as far north as New York, where a Hearst paper carried the story. Not only that; hard upon the decision some Southern newspaper or other printed a leading editorial deplored "the attack on a great Southern industry." This editorial was clipped in full all through the Southern press, even in districts far too remote from Atlanta to be affected in the least by the success or failure of the Coca-Cola Company. A clipping of the editorial used to arrive in the newspaper offices in the same mail with the advance advertising copy of Coca-Cola. A word to the wise which was usually sufficient.

In the panic of 1907 and the curiously brief hard times which followed, the press of the United States generally published its idea of the exact truth about the situation in Wall Street, far, far away, and kept still about the home situation, or lied. Certain managing editors present a vehement defense for this course—"The end justifies the means." They say that the depression was brief and harmless, as compared to the hard times of 1873 and 1893, just because the newspapers howled prosperity and hid the real conditions. This might stand as a defense, except for one fact. Newspapers which lied most brazenly were assuming to be tribunes of the "common people", and on the common people this policy often weighed most cruelly. Pittsburgh was hard hit. Two banks had failed, mills were closing every day. The Pittsburgh newspapers suddenly began printing "news" of a great industrial revival. So, thought the financial powers, people would spend their money instead of hoarding it, and business would go on. Well, it did go on, and Pittsburgh recovered. But four thousand discharged mill-hands from outside cities read these false reports and crowded into Pittsburgh, to find further poverty and misery.

Or again: the Chicago banks weathered the crisis well, yet many of them refused cash to depositors, issuing instead cashier's checks to pay running expenses. Why? They were getting from New York call loan rates on their money. This was oppression—taking advantage of distress to fill their pockets. The financial reporters all knew about this process. It was news—good news. Perhaps they turned the story into their offices; more likely they saved themselves the trouble. At any rate, none printed it.

In 1901, when bubonic plague first appeared in San Francisco, "big business" and the advertisers decided that the newspapers should be not only silent but false, lest tourists, settlers, and customers shun the city. The publishers met in the famous "midnight conference." All save the Hearst man pledged themselves to lie about the plague situation; and the Hearst man joined the majority before long. The Government experts found that the plague had

arrived. The newspapers reviled them, hampered their work, rendered their quarantines ineffective. The plague lingered. San Francisco is only just finished with fighting it. Had the newspapers told the truth in 1901, they would have saved the city some lives, and millions of dollars. In this case no one directly threatened withdrawal of advertising; the fact that the financial powers, including the great department stores, were strongly on one side was enough for publishers and managing editors trained in the modern commercial school.

Writing in Letters

NOW this process, going on in every corner of the country, has subtly but importantly changed the whole character of the editorial executive. For, generally speaking, by his financial success alone is the managing editor or editor-in-chief known to the owner or the syndicate of owners. He who has slashed recklessly, regardless of business office receipts, has characteristically been identified with failing or languishing newspapers. Though he have ability, integrity, news sense, and energy, he is not transferred up from Oshkosh to Peoria and from Peoria to Chicago. When the executive vacancy occurs in Chicago, the owners, of course, study the records of candidates. Brown is able—yes. But see how much money his rival made last year, how little his own newspaper! There is Green. His Peoria newspaper has made money. And Green gets the job, not because he is a great editor, but because he has known how to placate advertisers and "big business." Green may have all kinds of messages for the people. He will attack, defend, or expose as freely as any one else when the pocket of his newspaper is untouched; but on such local issues as affect the backers of his advertisers, he will make compromises. He goes to the top, and Brown stands still.

Still, that most managing editors are cravens before big business interests is not quite true. Unlike the publishers, they characteristically struggle against the system, try to evade and to elude it. They reach through the bars which imprison them, striking a blow here, whacking a head there; often they yield sullenly, and by their sullenness make ineffective a policy which owners or advertisers have imposed upon them. I know one great newspaper in the Middle West whose directors forced the editorial staff to support a highly corrupt politician. The underlings who did the work wrote half-heartedly; and by tiny insinuations in the news columns they hurt the cause as much as they helped.

Local Inconsistencies

BOND-SLAVES to convenience, and to a system which was none of their making, directing editors pick and choose, now avoiding a dark place because a watch-dog of advertising sits on guard before it, now using all persuasiveness to convince the publisher that publication of this or that derogatory story will not harm his business in the long run, now confessing absolute defeat and renewing the battle on another line. Heney was struggling in San Francisco to convict Patrick Calhoun of the United Railways, and, going further, to curb the Southern Pacific machine. But two San Francisco newspapers, and, in the end, only one, fought with him. Joseph W. Folk came lecturing; and all the San Francisco newspapers praised Folk. In St. Louis, the organs which ridiculed Folk when he was trying to convict Butler, praised Heney in news and editorial. The Philadelphia press supported Quay or held its peace; but it denounced Tammany. Now some of this arises from the bandages which prejudice and acquaintance draw over all eyes when it is a question of local issues, but more from forced reverence for the sources of income. The managing editor is become a diplomat, standing between his newspaper's integrity, its inherent mission of truth-telling, and a hundred influences at work on the proprietor to "get the story in" or "keep the story out." Daily he compromises; and compromises not only with the advertiser and the powers behind him, but with certain influences from within which hamper free presentation of the news and of his opinion thereon.



The daily press as "Our Kind of People" would like it

The Strength Test

The United States Navy's Retiring Board Considers the Case of Captain Bullock of the Battleship Alaska

By
ROBERT DUNN



AT THE bark of the motor horn, the gray mare reared, and the red-faced, white-mustached man astride her let out an oath. But the car plunged safely past, and the horseman, curbing his mount, stared for a moment, curiously, into the disappearing cloud of dust.

Had Harry Bullock, U. S. N., met disaster at this 85th mile of his 90-mile ride, our Naval Plucking Board would have breathed with an eager, and yet condoling, relief. The Admiral-Surgeon who had plumbbed his heart and found it sound enough, except to risk the annual physical test that he was now enduring, would have muttered a vicarious "I-told-you-so." And Captain Harry would have lost command of the new battleship *Alaska*, and henceforth had to write "retired" after his new rank.

BUT the Captain's escape touched his heart with nothing worse than a vagrant emotion, and that was inspired by his glimpse of the woman in the car behind the negro driver. A self-confessed, soft-headed speculation had guided his bridle out from Washington into this county of Virginia, because thirty years ago it had set the scene of his lifetime's one adventure in sentiment. Yet the sight in this region of any lady, the Captain at once reflected, would have stirred the dormant memories of his youth; so he dismissed them, as he rode on, and mopping a brow that was moist and burning under the June sun, and trembling a little in his leaden shoulders, his thoughts centered again upon the letter which he had received that morning and tucked into his breast pocket.

It was from a member of the Plucking Board—the Naval Retiring Board, officially—from one of the five rear-admirals who each spring, tempering the law that advances so many officers a year from grade to grade, regardless of little but their length of service, select out from each batch the relatively unfit. Promotion in the service is the process of draining uniforms through a funnel. Commanders by the hundred can not bloom through set stages into admirals, even by the score; one skipper, but many midshipmen and ensigns, man a ship; and captains are notoriously averse to dying, while ill-health, resignations, court-martials, bilging on examinations, decapitate very few lieutenants. So they of the Plucking Board are the hole in the funnel's side, the navy's safety-valve.

BUT this outlet Captain Harry had securely sidestepped. The sibylline five this year had accepted him, and, as far as concerned them, the *Alaska* was his to command—unless all were lost by his heart's ceasing to churn before the end of five more miles.

The letter was marked "Unofficial," and signed by

Rear-Admiral Vinton, who had been his division officer when Bullock was an ensign on the old *Passaic*. It began with congratulations upon his new command; commended the cleanliness of his record, his long devotion to duty, and "all the virtues which, by the antebellum standards of 1898, were deserving of the highest recognition, etc., etc. "Your last nine years of uninterrupted short details," it went on, "at the Puget Sound Observatory, the Portsmouth Training Station, as Lighthouse Inspector in Chicago, however, have doubtless left you out of touch with the latest developments in ordnance and turret electrical gear. Resiliency of mind toward innovations, initiative in experimentation, should typify commands in our New Navy, responsible as they must be for such vital matters as the fire-control and prismatic sighting systems now used in target practise; and those officers whose seagoing experience has been limited to the random cruises of gunboats and armed tugs seldom possess these qualities. Your record, therefore, indicates that you are reaching an age when an officer wisely desires a quiet life free from responsibility. As you are well aware, commissions are in no sense vested interests, and the service does not exist for the purpose of supplying them. While the Board has no power to cancel the promotion of an officer which it has made, without his consent, a communication to us in reply will be appreciated . . ."

CAPTAIN HARRY dug his spurs into the gray as these words burned through his brain for the hundredth time.

Why couldn't the Board be frank with him? Feeling that they had made a mistake in advancing him, wanting his resignation, why not ask him for it, pointblank? Why induce an old shipmate to threaten? But, Lord, how the boot of Vinton's insinuations did fit! There was no denying the bull's-eye they made of the Captain's experience and state of mind. A bit vain, and dogged, and generally unresilient he might be, but he had always been honest with himself and hugged no illusions about his technical shortcomings. He knew that he little resembled a seagoing officer, except in appearance; in convictions, hardly at all. The first was attested by the crisscross lines of his turkey-red neck and his blue, pin-point eyes; the second in a suspicion that the navy was bound straight for the bow-wows since it had taken up with Luna Park masts, crew basket-ball, and safety razors in the canteen.

Therefore he was unfit, was he, to father a super-dreadnought, to fly his blue two-starred flag eventually? So he must crawl down meekly, hey, from that pinnacle which most officers of his generation lived chiefly to adorn?

The snake fences danced along toward him through the reddish dust. A train whistled, and across the fields he noted the Salisbury railway station, from which he had planned to ship back the gray mare to Washington. He was in a part of the country which he once had known—too well. But soon, above

a grove of dark cottonwoods ahead, loomed the square, tiled tower of an unfamiliar red brick manor house. Yet

the patch of woodland upon the hill to the left, the lane of oaks that suddenly opened to his right, sprang out to him with a dispossessing air of things recollected yet unfamiliar. Yes, and yonder was the sign-board to tell him that he had punished those last five miles. Well, so far he had fooled the Admiral-Surgeon, at least. He set his teeth and again pressed his heels into the big gray—upon the instant that a cold hand seemed thrust through his coat, and gripped and tightened about his heart.

The square brick tower shot up, swam toward him, and then sank into the ocean of waving corn alongside.

Captain Harry felt himself slipping down headfirst over the mare's port flank, and plunging dizzily into the ditch.

HE WAS coatless and collarless in a darkened library, stretched out upon a leather couch with a linen quilt over him. A drone of flies made him aware of drawn green window shades, of somber ranks of books, of a bronze Mercury beside a student lamp.

Then it seized him that he had been awake a long time, and talking, actually speaking with the figure seated beside him. At the instant of this discovery, she withdrew the hand that she had been pressing upon his forehead, and turned her head away.

He snatched at his wits. His breast thrilled and warmed. She was the woman in the car which had almost run him down!

"You've made it, Captain Bullock. You've passed this strength test of yours to-day," she said, smiling down on him, but as if with a forced decisiveness, and slightly accenting the "this." "I'd take my oath on it before your Admiral. It's ninety-two miles, by the shortest road, from Washington to the sign-board at our gate."

"How in thunder—? I beg pardon, madam," murmured Captain Harry. "How could you know—all that—and my name, too? Is this the red house with the tower?"

SHE nodded slowly, still eying him. And he was studying her: her fragile, high-cheeked features, the two deep lines beside her mouth, the hunted look in her blue eyes, which yet sparkled as with a mirage of youthfulness. The hair piled luxuriantly on her low forehead was the ruddy brown of October oak leaves. His memory treasured black. Glossy folds like night above blue eyes had been the splendor of the Her belonging to his fickle midshipman days. Yet in the mellowness of her voice, thin as it was, there still lingered something dimly reminiscent.

"You might have been dead when they picked you up," she declared suddenly. "We identified you by your papers. We had to read them. When you came to, you began to talk." She paused abruptly, and then hesitated: "You told me a lot about yourself. You put some things rather strongly."

Captain Harry flushed and bit his lip. "Did I tell you everything?" he asked a little hoarsely. "Everything about—years in the past—as well as what the service has in store for me?"

"About the future, only that," she put in quickly,

"and the present. You said you had to report to the Admiral at Hampton Roads to-morrow."

"Did I ask you if you had always lived here, in this same house?" he said resolutely, and swung himself upright to a sitting posture on the sofa.

"But I have lived always on this place, since I was born," she answered in a harder tone. "My name is Craddock. I doubt if you have ever heard it."

"No. . . ."

She was staring at the floor, and the beating of her heart was audible in the pause.

"Did a family named Spenser ever live near here?" he persisted, but falteringly. "A Margaret Spenser—in a gray house with trumpet vines about the porch? Did I mention her?"

He watched the lines of her averted forehead deepen with a concentrating frown. "As a girl I remember the name—clearly," she said with deliberation. "But not for years now. And even then—it was hardly more than a name, I think."

Captain Harry pulled himself together with a heave of his big shoulders. So that was settled. He had downed the phantasms of his old man's sentimentality once for all. They belonged with his funk about failing the physical test, with his anger over Vinton's letter.

"Now let me ask you a question," Mrs. Craddock challenged him, with glittering eyes. "Are you going to take those orders from the Retiring Board? Are you going to resign?"

"Ask me something easier," he returned, in the same spirit. "They've got a good deal on me there in Washington. And you're posted all about the navy, aren't you, Mrs. —?"

A WHITE-BEARDED old negro interrupted him, appearing at the door to announce dinner.

"Of course, you'll stay?" she asked, rising; and the negro led Captain Harry to the washroom under the hall stairs, where he found his coat and collar.

They sat across a bare mahogany table, with a shallow pot of white azaleas between them. Little in the dining-room suggested the past-thrilled South. There were no portraits on the walls, which were paneled in oak and new-smelling leather. Captain Harry found the commonplaces of talk difficult, and his hostess gave them small encouragement.

He felt a growing shyness, as if he had penetrated into some sacred place, where yet, by its very consecration, reserve and graciousness were native. After some desultory talk, they each lapsed into silence, a silence which to Captain Harry's surprise became immediately assuaging; until toward the end of the meal, Mrs. Craddock broke it by asking:

"Have you found an answer to my question? Are you going to let the Plucking Board dictate to you?"

"That's a hard matter," he answered, pulling at his mustache. "A turning point in life, if you could understand."

"Tell me. I think I can understand," she encouraged him eagerly. "Isn't your decision the—" she paused, "a test—a test of strength, a good deal more than your ride to-day was?"

He considered a moment. "You're right," he agreed. "I'll try to explain. The fact is, too many smart youngsters nowadays stand behind the Department's helm. I can't describe to you their conceit and prejudice, the arrogance there at headquarters, the downright ingratitude. I put it mildly when I say that a trained sailor, used to command and responsibility, is at a disadvantage in the navy to-day."

"But you'd be giving in to them by resigning, Captain," she cut in. "Is that part of your training? Hauling down your flag and scuttling yourself before the battle's over?"

"No," he warmed up, and threw back his shoulders. "And I'm not a vain man, nor a selfish one. I know my rights. But they don't want men like me in the New Navy, and we're mighty shy of it."

You see, I'm frank with you, though as an officer I've got no right to be. But it's the same old story, always, of the old order against the new."

"Foretopgallant yards versus fire-control?" she asked thoughtfully, leading him on.

"Yes. Sums her up, in a way. The younger men are crowding us out, us who've schooled them for their turbines and their gyroscopes. We worked out all those things, they'd never have had them without us. And it's not alone lack of gratitude, but waste, sheer waste, this shoving us aside. We've given twice the length of years, twice the training they've had, our whole lives to the work, and you and the whole country have paid dear for it. Mind you, I'm not opposing improvements, but only this piling us on the rubbish heap, because we're too old and back numbers. Old!"—he slapped his chest—"Here at fifty-four I'm as young and capable as any of them."

"Experience—in Chicago and on the Lakes," she

The clock on the mantelpiece began to strike eight.

"I knew you would, Captain," she said, rising also, and leading the way into the hall. "I knew it from the very first. So I ordered your horse. You've no time to lose before your train leaves."

She slipped into the study on the right. As he waited, he could hear a pen scratching across paper. She came out sealing an envelope.

"Will you mail this to Admiral Vinton?" she asked, pressing the note into his hand as she opened the front door. "He's a very old friend of mine. Good-by."

She had closed the door before Captain Harry could articulate. He stared about him for a moment, dazed. Then, pocketing the letter, he took the gray mare's bridle from the stable-boy and flung himself into the saddle.

"What can she want of Vinton?" he thought, as he rode down the avenue of cottonwoods. "Is the woman meddling with my affairs?"

At the sign-board he drew the letter idly from his pocket. It bore no stamp, and was addressed: "To Captain Harry Bullock."

He wrenched it open.

"I could not, could not tell you," he read. "It would not have been fair to you—and no use—impossible. I am not a free woman. The old house burned down twenty years ago. As for my hair—you can guess. I have been through much, too much. Adapt yourself to the new order of things aboard your ship, as I know you can and will. Be tolerant and open-minded. And if the worst comes, tell me, write to me. Some day I must be, shall be, free. . . . Margaret Spenser Craddock."

Captain Harry drew his bridle sharply, and, flinging the mare's head about, stared, rigid, at the darkening mass of the square tower. Those hard lines at the corners of her mouth! Thirty years! How she must have suffered, married to some scoundrel! His eyes filled and he choked back the lump in his throat.

"No—no—" he whispered, wheeling about toward the station. "But the fool I was in those days! And God bless her!"

ABOARD the new battleship *Alaska*, Captain Bullock sat at his cabin mess-table, in the isolation to which his rank condemned him. Squadron evolutions had occupied all the morning, and now at luncheon he smiled over the wireless message by his plate. "Well done, *Alaska*," it read. In the past fortnight he had received many like it from the Admiral, and such compliments fortified his assurance of success in his new command.

But to-day saw the last of the maneuvers. Battle target practise was at hand; for weeks the gun drills had been under way, as the snap of ex-caliber firing, the rapt air of dungareed gun captains and pointers bobbing in and out of turrets, the keen preoccupation of their officers all testified. A new spirit was possessing the ship, and its daily growth oppressed Captain Harry with a feeling which he knew was unworthy and struggled against, a sense of helplessness, a misgiving that he was reckoned an outsider to all the enthusiasm afoot for the fleet's great competition in broadside firing.

Last year the *Alaska* had won the gunnery trophy, and her resolve to retain it was inflexible. Day by day now, listening idly to the voices which came up through the skylight outside his door, the Captain's ears caught the turret gossip in the wardroom below waxing ever intenser in alternate confidence, doubt, and dogged argument. Heretofore he had overheard the kindly firmness of his discipline both aft and forward, his seamanship, his grasp of responsibility, receive the qualified praise usual from watch officers who at bottom respect their chief; but for the week past a change had come over the talk down there. He was disparaged a good deal for some of the very qualities which previously had been commended. His unyielding routine, his sailor-like traits, seemed to be held to interfere with his officers' initiative in the mechanical details of gunnery, with their zeal for bore-sighting, for devising a new plotting-board in



"Take this report. See that it gets into the official mail. I am asking to be detached from this command"

murmured to herself. "He doesn't remember telling me all this in the library."

"They think I'm too stiff in my head to master turret gear and Bliss torpedoes, hey—a dog past learning new tricks! Only give me a chance, I'll show them. I've been sidetracked ashore the last ten years, to keep me from learning." He paused and lowered his voice. "All of us make mistakes, of course, and it's hard to express our feelings. The years of grind, the temptations, the saving grace of ambition. The end of it all is a command, your own ship, a squadron. The scepter of authority, you might say; only a symbol, but something mighty real as it comes closer. Life is nothing but gazing at it as it swings by others, counting the numbers before one's own turn. It's the only thing left. The routine kills so."

HIS voice died away. He had sunk down into his chair, his small eyes fixed under their shaggy brows on the green finger-bowl before him.

"Then you'll give me your word?" she asked; and behind the azalea he did not see her thin mouth twitch. "Write 'No' to the Board, and go straight down to your new ship!"

"Yes, by Heaven!" Captain Harry rose to his feet and his fist came down upon the mahogany, as he added, gallantly: "And thank you, Mrs. Craddock, in a watch so dark as mine has been to-day for putting me back on the right course."

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

We Sell 2,200 Per Day

Please think what that means. Enough of these tires are now sold every day to completely equip 550 automobiles.

Our mammoth plants, with three shifts of men, are run 24 hours per day. Yet we are, at this writing, weeks behind on orders.

About 650,000 No-Rim-Cut tires have already gone into use. Inside of two years the demand for

Their History

Up to two years ago, about nineteen tires in each twenty sold were the old-style clincher type—the tires which hook to the rim. This type was a relic of bicycle days, but motor car tire makers found no way to improve it.

Even when quick-detachable tires came into vogue they were largely made in this clincher type. And rim-cutting remained one of the worries of motoring.

Then our patented tire—the No-Rim-Cut tire—began to be chosen by experts. This tire at that time had been out for four years. Some 200,000 had been put into use.

But No-Rim-Cut tires then cost one-fifth more than standard clincher tires. That 20 per cent difference made men slow to adopt them.

Still, at the start of the season of 1910, forty-four leading motor car makers made contracts for Goodyear tires. Last year our tire sales suddenly mounted to \$8,500,000. They trebled in a single year.

The increasing demand cut the cost of production. A few months ago No-Rim-Cut tires began to be sold at standard clincher prices.

Then sixty-four leading motor car makers made contracts for Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires on their 1911 models. We built enormous factory additions.

Soon users woke up, and the swelling demand grew to an avalanche. Our present output is twice that of last year—six times that of two years ago. Yet we cannot keep up with our orders.

The new ruler of tiredom—the dominant tire of the world today—is the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

After Twelve Years

Behind this success lie twelve years of tire making—of constant invention and ceaseless tests.

From the very beginning we have brought to our aid the best experts obtainable. And we set them perfecting the Goodyear tire.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Erie Street, Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

Canadian Factory: Bowmanville, Ont.

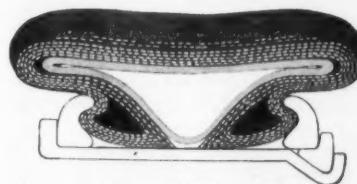
them has multiplied six times over. The sale this year, beyond any doubt, will reach \$12,000,000.

This patented tire, with amazing rapidity, has changed the whole tire situation. It has altered all old-time opinions. The most popular tire in America today is the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

Again we suggest—if you are a tire buyer—that you learn why these tires cut one's upkeep in two.



Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tire



Ordinary Clincher Tire

The No-Rim-Cut tire fits any standard rim. When you change from clinchers simply reverse the removable rim flanges. It is done in ten seconds.

The rim flanges then are set to curve outward, as shown in the picture. The tire when deflated comes against a rounded edge, and rim-cutting is made impossible.

We have run these tires flat in a hundred tests—as far as twenty miles. In all the 650,000 sold there has never been an instance of rim-cutting.

With the clincher tire—the ordinary tire—the rim flanges are set to curve inward. See the picture. These thin flange edges dig into the tire when deflated. Thus a punctured tire is often wrecked in a moment—ruined beyond repair.

No Hooks—No Bolts

No-Rim-Cut tires have no hooks on the base. They do not, like clinchers, need to be hooked to the rim. Not even tire bolts are needed.

The reason lies in 126 braided wires which are vulcanized into our tire base. These wires make the tire base unstretchable. The tire can't come off

without removing the flange because it cannot be stretched one iota.

This braided wire feature is controlled by our patents. Others have tried twisted wires—others a single wire. But these flat braided wires which need no welding—which never can break or loosen—form the only safe way yet discovered for getting rid of the hooked-base tire.

That is the reason why other makers advise you to cling to the clincher tire.

10% Oversize

When the rim flanges curve outward the sides of the tire get an extra flare. This enables us to make the tires 10 per cent oversize without any misfit on the rim. We give you this oversize without extra charge, to avoid the blow-outs caused by overloading.

This oversize means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent greater carrying capacity. And that adds, under average conditions, 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

This oversize takes care of the extras—the top, glass front, gas tank, etc. Without this oversize, nine tires in ten are given too great a load.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—with the average car will cut tire bills in two. Yet these patented tires now cost no more than other standard tires. This means a clear saving of millions of dollars to owners of motor cars.

Men who know these facts won't pay the same price for tires that rim-cut—tires just rated size.

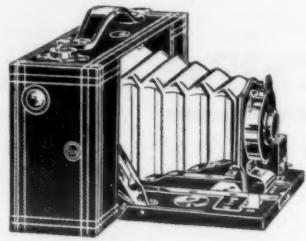
Our Tire Book is full of facts which motorists should know. Ask us to mail it to you.



We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.

It works like a Kodak.



2A Folding Pocket BROWNIE

A truly pocket camera for $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ pictures, loading in daylight with Kodak film cartridges. Capacity 12 exposures without reloading. Finest quality Meniscus Achromatic lens of 5 inch focus. Pocket Automatic shutter for snap-shots or instantaneous exposures, two tripod sockets, automatic focusing lock and reversible finder. Honestly and handsomely made in every detail. Covered with a durable imitation leather, and has full nickelized fittings.

Price, \$7.00

Other Brownies \$1.00 to \$12.00.

Illustrated Catalogue of Kodak and Brownie Cameras free at the dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kodak City.

Icy-Hot

The Bottle That Keeps Hot Liquids Hot 24 Hours Cold Liquids Cold 3 Days

Hot or cold drinks when needed while traveling, fishing, hunting, motoring, picnicking, etc.

Keep baby's milk at right temperature, or invalid's hot or cold drink by the bed, all night, without heat, ice or bother.

Icy-Hot Jar—one and two parts—keep stove, vegetables, etc. hot without fire-dishes or ice cream cold without ice.

Accept No Substitute

There's No Bottle Just As Good

Inner glass bottle easily removed, sterilized by boiling. Perfectly sanitary—liquids touch only glass. Handsome nickel plated and leather cases.

Many New and Exclusive Features

At dealers—look for name ICY-HOT—on bottom.

Dept. C, Cincinnati, O.

Write for illustrated book.

Pints \$1 up

Quarts \$2.50 up

Illustrated book.

Icy-Hot Bottle Co.,

Dept. C, Cincinnati, O.

Write for illustrated book.



KRYPTOK LENSES

Do Not Mar Good Looks

They have the appearance of single-vision lenses, yet combine two distinct focal points, one for distance and one for reading. No seams, lines or cement.

No one can tell you have double-vision glasses when you wear Kryptok. They are not freakish in appearance.

This is a Kryptok Lens.
Note the absence of seams. Kryptok Lenses do not look odd or suggest old age. They improve one's appearance.

This is a Pasted Lens.
Note the ugly seams. They are unattractive. They indicate old age. Pasted lenses detract from one's appearance.

Your optician will supply you with Kryptok Lenses. May be put into any style frame or mounting, or into your old ones. Over 200,000 people are wearing them. Write for descriptive booklet.

Kryptok Company, 103 East 23d St., New York

This is Jericho

THE PERFECT MOTOR CAR SIGNAL

"Warns Without Offence"

**A Pleasing Tone
An Insistent Warning**

**\$7.00 \$8.00 \$9.00 \$10.00
COMPLETE**

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Write for catalogue 9 on Accessories you need for your car

**THE RANDALL-FAICHNEY CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.**

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

This trial tube will prove to you the delicious efficiency of Ribbon Cream.

Four cents brings you this generous sample.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. W
199 Fulton St.
New York
City



COMES OUT A RIBBON LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH

Throughout his lonely dinner that night, Captain Harry glared at the glassed-in cabinet opposite him, at its silver service presented by the citizens of Alaska, and heavy with carved bear heads, nuggets, and teams of wolf-dogs. The voices in the wardroom sounded louder than he had ever heard them. He left the table and tiptoed to the door. The skylight outside was wide open. His orderly was just vanishing into the yeoman's office. The order to shut down the glass was on the Captain's lips, when a shame-faced impulse overcame him. He tiptoed back to his chair with sharpened ears, to hear a voice that he did not recognize say:

"It's all been rehearsing a play, and at the same time *living* it. Never to get discouraged, or allow others to, to persuade people of the importance of unimportant points—there's the key to everything. Make it a knockout fight against the old order from our owner down."

"Oh, our skipper. That anxious, molting old sea-parrot," cut in Bolles. "He may have tried to grasp the spirit of our work—once. But it was no use. He couldn't learn. His gray matter's too petrified. A range clock means no more to him than a chronometer to his Moro messboy. I told you how he dodged responsibility about changing my firing connections this afternoon."

The Captain winced.

"Do you suppose that he's got the faintest glimmering of what an interruption—calling silence in a turret—losing the trophy—means to us?" went on the other voice. "He's shown his inefficiency to every one of us who've had dealings with him. Blustered, or changed the subject, when he was beyond his depth. I hate to say it, but lately he's seemed to have suddenly resented our enthusiasm, as well."

Captain Harry sprang to his feet, his brain awhirl. For an instant he stood staring stiffly about him, as if he were being furtively watched by some one. Then he stole through the door into his office, and closed it softly.

HE STEPPED to the open air-port, and gazed out upon the star-burnished spaces. Yonder glittered a reticulated blur, the *Arizona*; a floating fortress, not a ship; a ganglion of tempered steel, electric nerves, adjusted lenses; all intricate and soulless. And the life aboard—this new-century life of the sea. The men, toilers in a powerhouse; the officers, half coaches who trained sporting teams, half clerks in an observatory. Was he, Bullock, to any bluejacket at drill, to any midshipman on watch, a vitalizing presence? Never. The one lived in visions of raised pay if he qualified as a pointer, the other of a decimal-something score to get an E painted on his turret. They faced him to salute, to report, to be gone; impersonally as the sullen offenders brought to the mast each noon; careless of him as the rookies outside the pay-office, who kept up their horse-play, their card games, writing on their ditty-boxes, when he walked aft from the bridge—a stranger idling over the ship.

He tried to project his mind backward, to realize the glamour of his youthful cruises, to feel the spell of ever-uprising horizons, the witchery of an azure wake melting with phosphorescence, of tropical moonlight upon palm-covered hills along a savage coast where some hidden river stained the ocean. But all magic had faded from such visions. And looking up at the stars, he felt very old and very lonely. How they changed with every lift of the sky-line—the constant stars, as poets call them, constant for all the world except the sailor.

He struggled to keep his mind blank, but it perversely merged itself into a waking dream. He was back in Virginia, thirty years ago, standing in the shadow of flowering trumpet-vines. A girl was at his side dressed all in white. Her eyes were bluer than any sea, and gleamed with love—yet he was parting from her, filled with a vain and headstrong irresolution. . . .

He found himself sitting at his desk, with the perspiration cold on his forehead in the wind from the open air-port, a pen in his hand, and written on the paper under it: "Dear Margaret. . . ."

AFTER luncheon the next day, Captain Harry came down from the bridge into the surcharged atmosphere of the quarter-deck. He folded his hands behind him, threw back his head, and began to pace to and fro. All deck stanchions had been cleared; the three after turrets were moving ponderously on their barbettes, their snaky guns nosing upward now and then with a monstrous, automatic, and uncanny ease. Here and there a spotter explained the timing of salvo intervals to the men of his fire-control force. Turret officers, obsessed by the great game of the coming night, also walked up and down, singly, and in a concentrated silence, or, standing apart, revealed in lowered voices



How Polarine helped Burman to break two world's records

"141 miles an hour is going some," as Bob Burman remarked after his record-breaking drive over Daytona Beach in the Blitzen Benz car.

It is. And a man out after the world's record doesn't take chances on his equipment. The car, the gasoline, in fact practically everything Burman used except the oil, were especially prepared for this event.

For lubrication he used Polarine Oil, Polarine Transmission Lubricants and Polarine Grease—the identical Polarine you can buy in the open market.

In his trial spins Burman satisfied himself that Polarine was the most efficient lubricant. Read what he says:

"I used Polarine in practice and in final trials and it helped me break records. Nothing but Polarine for me from now on."

It was a supreme test, and Polarine proved itself.

Polarine

Our experience in the manufacture of lubricating oils for many purposes enabled us to develop in Polarine the most efficient gas engine oil yet produced.

Polarine Oil gives practical freedom from carbon deposit, yet unimpaired viscosity is preserved.

It does not break up nor lose elasticity under severe friction.

It holds its "body" under extreme heat.

It flows freely down to zero.

The Polarine brand covers:

Polarine Oil (in gallon and half-gallon sealed cans);

Polarine Transmission Lubricants;

Polarine Cup Grease and **Polarine Fibre Grease**.

These lubricants cover the needs of every part of the car.

Send to our nearest agency for our booklet, "Polarine Pointers," which includes helpful hints on the care of motor cars.

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)



Phoenix Silk Hose

PURE silk—
of the
5c

kind you naturally associate with only the most expensive hosiery. That's the grade of silk you get in Phoenix Guaranteed Silk Hose—and at a price you have paid for good cotton.

Guaranteed—No Holes—3 Months

A written guaranty is in every \$2 box of four pairs,—no holes, three months, or new hose free. That guaranty of wear tells the story of perfect manufacture. If your dealer can't supply you, we will fill your order direct on receipt of price. Twelve correct colors.

Women's 75c
Box of 4 pairs \$3.00

Covered by the same guaranty of wear—four pairs, no holes, three months. Nine attractive colors to choose from.

Phoenix Knitting Works
232 Broadway MILWAUKEE
Makers of the Famous Phoenix Muffler and Phoenix Registered Hose



Be Comfortable This Summer in E. C. Ventilated Shoes

They keep the feet cool and comfortable on the hottest days. The ventilation has the same effect as light underwear. Ask your dealer for them.

If he cannot supply you we will send you Style No. 1, shown here, either in black or tan, upon receipt of price.

Sizes 6-12 for Men \$3.00.
Sizes 2½-6 for Women and Boys \$2.50.
Sizes 9-2 for Boys and Girls \$2.00.
Dealers wanted everywhere. Address for catalog

Engel-Cone Shoe Company
17 New Street East Boston, Mass.

STRAIGHT BACK TRUNKS WARDROBE TRUNKS



One half a Wardrobe with hangers for coat, trousers, waist, dresses, skirts, overcoats, etc. Other half a Dresser with easy opening drawers and a place for everything, including large hats. No pressing of suits or dresses at journey's end. All ready to wear. Every part made of 2-ply lumber, hand riveted; light, strong, handsome. A full line of Wardrobe, Dresser, Steam Iron, Laundry and Gents' Trunks, Suit Cases and Boxes. Send today for free illustrated catalog with very low net prices. Straight Back Trunk Co., 1913 Hoag St., Toledo, Ohio.

Convert Your Bicycle into a Motor-Cycle using our Attachable Outfit. Fits any wheel. Also Marine and Stationary Motors and Castings. Stamp for catalog. Shirley Mfg. Co., 2940 Girard Ave., Phila., Pa.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

to some pointer, or sight-setter, the ultimate secret of scoring a hit for every charge. "Gentlemen!" Captain Bullock had halted suddenly, drawing his feet together. The walking officers stopped in their tracks; spotters, pointers, and the rest paused in their talk, turning their heads toward him with quizzical wonder.

"Gentlemen," said the Captain, oracularly. "I would like at this all-important moment to tell you that, in my opinion, considering the intricacy of the mechanics of modern ordnance, the complexity of our turret drills, and the factor of human fallibility in our fire-control system—that it is often a marvel to me that any hits upon a moving target in our battle practise should be made at all."

"A right brave bluff!" whispered Raile to Lieutenant-Commander Fairman, the navigator. "The old man couldn't stand feeling like a supercargo a minute longer."

"So that's his notion—his encouragement—to the razor edge of our work and confidence and training," muttered that officer. "Ye gods!"

Then some one in the hair-trigger silence uttered a groan. Another may have winked; at any rate, the guffaw that started under the color staff coursed the entire company on the quarter-deck, before it died on the lips of a thin midshipman, who bent himself double.

The first man who dared glance in the Captain's direction did not behold him. He had vanished below, straight to his cabin. And there Captain Harry stayed, seated in his wicker armchair and glaring straight before him, until eight o'clock that night, when the *Alaska's* bugles blew for "going on the range."

HE APPEARED in the binnacle light of the bridge. He glanced upward toward Raile and the fire-control force atop the skeleton mast, and then walked to the wind-screen. For a moment he leaned over it, gazing down over the vacant fo'castle, and upon Bolles's turret directly under him.

The ship's ten searchlights, like the incandescent antennae of some gigantic insect, moved haltingly along the satin of the passing seas, groping to pick up the target; and then, as if obedient to the supple reach into the starboard darkness of the twelve black fingers of her guns, followed their pointing to convergence upon the glimmer of its distant canvas. Fairman raised a hand to the whistle rope. Captain Harry braced himself, gazing seawards, against the cross-tubing of the mast. Just under him, one of the signal-boys massed upon the pennant box glanced upward in the curdling stillness, and he saw the whites glitter in the youngster's eyes.

The siren abaft the forward smoke-pipe whirled out one brief, harassed shriek, and, as there were to be no ranging shots, the heart-thrilling play was on.

A muffled clanking spoke within Bolles's turret. His air-blasts hissed faintly, as if within the bowels of the ship.

The cosmic upheaval, the avalanche of sound, the glare that sickened the searchlights into pale threads, wracked, as if it had been built of junk, the thirty thousand tons of men and armor.

A waspish singing filled the Captain's ears. The white uniforms on the signal bridge below, that had been so motionless, began to stir. The officers beside him broke their stertorous breathing with muted ejaculations. And then the silence of a new suspense—pricked by the throbbing turbines, inflamed by the crisp flowing of the sea—prolonged its twanging wait for the next faint sibilance of the air-blasts within turret B.

NONE came. There squatted, as if dead, the huge drum of lifeless steel. This time it gave no warning to stretch jaws open and brace bodies against its roar; and so, in the second blaze and thunder from the other turrets aft and forward, the Captain was reeled backward, amidst, as it seemed suddenly, the scuff and scurrying of feet—half-strangled exclamations, faces that were drawn and white under some unforeseen and incredible emotion.

At the third blast, a keen, acrid odor stole into his nostrils, and began to spread a suffocating numbness, as if he were breathing ether, outward to his extremities.

A clear, prolonged cry broke from a searchlight stand overhead. Staring about, Captain Harry saw himself alone on the bridge, except for the quartermaster at the wheel, a rigid ghost. And instantly they both were overwhelmed in a cataract of searing brilliance, the focused leap of ten searchlights upon them, and upon the round, smoking tomb below. And the Captain stood transfixed for a moment, blinking into the brownish haze that rose around him in wisps and threads, in sinuous, reptilian coils.

Yet it was that moment which drew to a focus within him all his years of training, all their discipline; and that spirit (Concluded on page 27)

Detective Burns applauds it

"the greatest weapon ever invented for the protection of the home."

Wm. A. Pinkerton, Detective. Maj. Richard Sylvester, Pres. Walter Duncan, Toronto's Famous Chief Detective. Dr. Carver, Greatest Wing Shot. Col. W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill"). W. B. Masterson, ex-U.S. Scout.

IN the whole history of firearms, no invention ever received such endorsements. Practically every expert in the country has proven to his own satisfaction in private contests that the Savage Automatic is the only automatic which makes any man or woman a crack shot. They have found that it aims easy as pointing your forefinger.

Don't let the women folks in your home live in fear of burglar attacks another night. Phone your dealer now to send you a New Savage Automatic for inspection.

For your dealer's name we'll send you a fascinating book by "Bat" Masterson, telling why the Savage Automatic makes anyone a crack shot.

FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

Send today for new free book about the famous "303" Featherweight Takedown rifle (\$25), the Model 1909, 22 cal. Takedown rifle (\$10) and other Savage rifles. Address, Savage Arms Co., 826 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC



TWELVE YEARS PROOF OF MERIT

WHEN Lincoln said "You can't fool all the people all the time," he voiced the idea that nothing can win in the end without merit.

That President Suspenders have unusual merit is proven by bigger sales every year. The same people buy them again and again.

The Shirley Guarantee of Satisfaction or Money Back is only possible because of the quality of material and workmanship in every pair of President Suspenders.

*Insist on the SHIRLEY GUARANTEE
when buying suspenders*

PRICE 50 CENTS from all dealers or from factory, light, medium or extra heavy, extra lengths for tall men.

The C. A. Edgerton Mfg. Co.
SHIRLEY GUARANTEED SUSPENDERS

1718 MAIN STREET, SHIRLEY, MASS.



The Average Man's Money A Page for Investors

EXPERIENCE proves that investment is a business which, like every other business, requires to be learned. It is as essential that every money-making member of society should learn to invest as that he should learn to behave at table. For without such knowledge a man becomes a nuisance to himself and a source of annoyance to others.—*The London "Financial Review of Reviews."*

Bargain Days Are Here

IT is the sober judgment of shrewd observers that ahead of the country stretches a period of slow business. From eighteen months to two years is the usual estimate of the length of that period. In that time the money which under normal conditions would be used in business development will seek investment in securities that are judged to be panic-proof and politics-proof. Increasing surpluses held by banks bear out this prediction.

A factor that will help to divert money from business enterprises in which risk is great, upon which tariff revision may have an effect, and which may be touched by anticorporation legislation, is the attractive yields on various forms of good securities—short-term notes, high-grade industrial bonds, the bonds of public-service corporations, good mortgages on city and farm property. The next two years will be a time for the digestion of securities—of those, at any rate, which can stand the scrutiny of the cautious investor.

Naturally, prices will go up. On January 24 last, New York City sold \$60,000,000 of 4½ per cent bonds at 101. Since then they have risen in price to 104½, and 106 is the mark they will reach soon if the dealers are true prophets. Other bonds of undoubted merit will have a similar history—indeed, are making it now. At the end of the period it will be found that the return of sound securities is low, and business will tempt capital once more to come to its aid. Meanwhile, the investor can find good value for his money.

Available for Investors

IN the paragraph above, it was said that good securities at the present prices yield attractive returns. In a recent issue of the "Commercial and Financial Chronicle," one of the oldest and most reputable financial papers in the country, the following offerings, among others, were advertised:

East St. Louis Light & Power 1st 5s at 98.
St. Paul Gas Light Co. 5s and 6s.
Twin City Telephone Co. 5s.
Duluth Street Railway Co. 5s.
Public Service Corporation gen. 5s.
Keystone Telephone 1st 5s.
Pueblo Traction & Lighting 5s.
Denver Gas & Electric 5s.
Council Bluffs Water Works 6s.
Defiance (Ohio) Water Co. 6s.
Nevada-California Power 6s.
Idaho-Oregon Light & Power 6s.
Union Electric Light & Power Co. of St. Louis 1st 5s.
Glens Falls Gas & Electric 5s.
East St. Louis Water Co. 5s.
Grand Rapids Railway 5s.
Augusta Terminal 6s.
Kanawha & Michigan 5s.
Seaboard Air Line 1st 4s, stamped.
New York & New Jersey Telephone 5s.
New York & Pennsylvania Tel. & Tel. 5s.
St. Joseph & Grand Island 4s.
Pitts., Cin., Ch. & St. Louis cons. 4s, Series H.
Winston-Salem Southbd. Railway Co. 1st 4s.
General Rubber Co. 4½s.
Sen-Sen Chicklets Co. 6s.
Braden Copper conv. 6s and 7s.
Sloss Iron & Steel 6s and 4½s.
Western New York & Pennsylvania 1st 5s.
Iowa Falls & Sioux City R. R. 1st mortgage 7s.
Canton-Akron cons. 5s.
Georgia & Alabama Terminal 5s.
Northern Indiana Gas & Electric Co. 1st re-funding 5s.
Atlantic & Danville 1st 4s.
N. Y., Susq. & West. Terminal 5s.
Oregon Short Line 6s.
Kings County Electric Light & Power 1st 5s.
New Orleans Great Northern 1st 5s.
Atlantic Coast Line conv. 4s.
St. Louis, Iron Mt. & So. Railway gen. cons. 5s.
City of Scranton, Pa., Vladuct 4½s.
Virginia Railway & Power Co. 5s at 97½.
Deere & Co. serial 5s.
Chicago real estate mortgages to yield from 5% to 6%.
Municipal bonds to yield from 4% to 6%.

Here is represented a wide range of securities, based on all sorts of assets. To

the inquiring investor full knowledge of any of them is available, and the list can be vastly extended.

Life-Insurance and Land

Editor "THE AVERAGE MAN'S MONEY": Sir—I have found it more difficult to invest money profitably than to earn and save it. Indeed, of my past investments the only one that gives me complete satisfaction is the life-insurance I have bought.

After many discouraging experiences in other lines, I have come to pin my faith on life-insurance and farm lands. There is still much good land to be had cheap. Recently I was offered the relinquishment of a quarter section in southern Idaho for \$500. Buying the relinquishment would give me a right to file on it as a desert claim. Upon filing I should have to pay 25 cents per acre, and upon making final proof \$1 per acre more. I could prove up at any time upon showing that I had spent \$3 per acre in reclaiming the land and that one-eighth of it was under cultivation. There is abundant water for irrigation, the water right costing \$40 per acre for all land put under the ditch, in ten annual payments. This tract lies in the fruit belt where improved land is sell-

ing for \$400 and more per acre. I could develop it without giving up my present position, for one does not have to live on a desert claim.

At present I am developing such a farm in New Mexico. There I can hire all the men I want at \$1 per day. Besides, that territory is in sore need of good farmers. The natives farm as their ancestors did centuries ago, rooting up the soil with a toy plow and growing frijoles for their own use. Potatoes are now selling in the Rio Grande Valley for 3 cents a pound. Eggs were 80 cents per dozen in Santa Fé last winter. At such prices my farm will pay from the start, and when the fruit trees begin to bear, it should be very valuable.

As population increases, land must grow in value. If I can leave my boy and girl a few good tracts of land, I shall be content.

E. F. MCG.

Salt Lake City.

Stock Selling Cost

TO stockholders of Oxford Linen Mills, one of the enterprises financed by the Sterling Debenture Corporation, the editor of this page makes this suggestion: Send a letter to the president of the Sterling Debenture Corporation contain-

ing the questions given below, and insist upon getting specific answers:

1. What is the amount of capital stock actually paid in?
2. What is the total subscribed?
3. How much is treasury stock?
4. What commission was paid the Sterling Debenture Corporation for selling Oxford Linen Mills stock?
5. What is the value of the physical plant of the Oxford Linen Mills, including the \$70,000 of machinery? (Do not accept "value of patents" in this schedule.)
6. How much linen has been made from raw American-grown flax?
7. From whom was this flax purchased?
8. In what quantities?
9. What are the earnings of the Oxford Linen Mills?

In answer will probably come a letter similar in tone to one sent out recently by William Banta, auditor of the Sterling Debenture Corporation, charging *COLLIER'S* with being an agent, using insinuation and vilification, of "the trust that has caused the edict to go forth that this independent telegraph system must be crushed," and containing this extraordinary admission and explanation: "It has been a matter of especial pride that the processes controlled by the Oxford Linen Mills can treat any flax, foreign or domestic, and both have been made use of by the mills." Next, get a sample of linen made by the mills from raw American flax and submit it to a linen expert. Ask him whether or not it is marketable.

If, by any chance, you hold Telepost stock, write to the president of the Sterling Debenture Corporation and ask him about that line from Boston to Portland, Maine, the only line of any length in operation. Ask him if the Telepost Company owns it.

Finally, consider one of the findings of the receivers appointed on May 1 last for the Spar Products Company, which flamboyantly advertised stock for sale in various magazines over a period of many months: selling \$275,573.68 worth of preferred stock in that company cost \$112,447.56 in commissions.

What chance of profit to the buyer of such stocks?

Our Banking Future

THE quotations below are from an address by George M. Reynolds, president of the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago, before a body of Texas bankers at Dallas on May 16. Next to the National City Bank of New York the recently consolidated Continental and Commercial of Chicago is probably the most powerful banking organization in the United States, with \$20,000,000 of capital and about \$175,000,000 of deposits.

"I believe the [Aldrich] bill [to establish a national reserve association] is well adapted to meet the local requirements of all sections of the country, and that we must enact such financial legislation as will augment our currency and financial system if we are to continue the progress we have made in the past twenty-five years. During that period we have had a growth of 250 per cent in our banking power, and have had a corresponding increase in the volume of our commerce, but, regardless of this, we have made no progress whatever in the currency laws which govern and control this tremendous business."

"We have in the United States nearly 40 per cent of the banking power of the world, yet, because of the dissimilarity of our system of currency and banking, we are hardly a factor in the world's finances."

"Provide for the enactment of a law authorizing the adoption of this plan through which we can properly finance our world business, and it will not be long until the United States will be the financial center of the universe."



J. Parke Channing

A genuine mining investment must not be confounded with the gambling instinct which induces some one to buy a wild-cat mining stock at ten cents a share with the idea that in time it will sell for twenty dollars a share. Unfortunately, it is this latter class of stock which is usually mistakenly called a mining investment and which is so industriously advertised in the back pages of certain weekly and monthly magazines.

The business of finding promising pros-



Gold Mortgage Bonds Protected by a Deed of Trust

In Denominations of \$100, \$500, \$1,000

The Payment of the Principal and Interest of the Bonds issued by this Company is Secured by New York Real Estate and Real Estate Mortgages, held in Trust by a Trust Company for the exclusive protection of the Bondholders. The deed of Trust also includes every other asset of the Company and the Mortgages and Property it may acquire hereafter.

The Bonds of the New York Real Estate Security Company are being invested in largely by people of moderate means who can ill afford to risk their savings on investments that are only promises to pay.

There is now an exchange in New York for Real Estate Securities, which will increase the opportunity for liquidating such investments without difficulty.

These Bonds are a Reliable Investment for persons who want to invest in New York Real Estate, without the annoyance of direct ownership.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR "C. W."

New York Real Estate Security Co.
42 Broadway, New York City

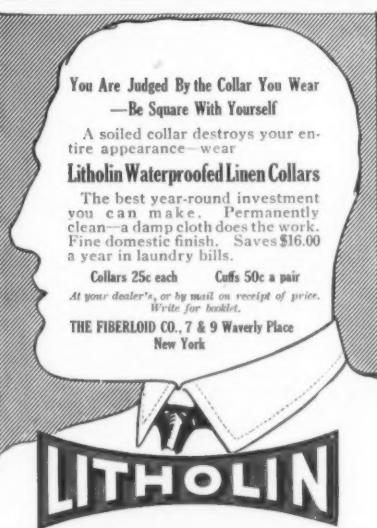
ASSETS \$10,000,000 CAPITAL \$3,050,000

1898-1911

John Muir & Co. SPECIALISTS IN Odd Lots of Stock

We welcome the small investor. Our specialty is service to men with modest savings for investment.

Send for Circular 2—"Odd Lot Investment".
Members New York Stock Exchange
71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



WRITE FOR BIG ILLUS. FREE BOOKLET showing our beds and farm and learn how to grow mushrooms at home in cellars, sheds, stables, boxes, outdoors, etc. 300; profit, markets waiting. We were first, 25 years experience, make and sell best fresh spawn, and teach you our methods free. National Spawn & Mushroom Co., Dept. 54 Hyde Park, Mass.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

The Strength Test

(Concluded from page 24)

of the navy, which is unquenchable in its men at sea or ashore, transformed them into the power that is the goal of all its deadening routine. Underlying that special wisdom, of which his ignorance had so unnerved him, which the visions swarming in the back of his brain—of half-naked men blistering in white heat, the agony parched upon their lips—now so sardonically parodied, an inbred, reflex majesty of decision and right speech transfigured Captain Bullock.

"Flood all magazines. Call the flagship. Head for the beach!"

HE WAS writing at the desk in his cabin, finishing the note that he had begun the night before. Beside him lay another letter, which he had signed and sealed and addressed to Rear-Admiral Vinton.

"Lieutenant Raile," said his orderly, opening the cabin door. Captain Harry dropped his pen.

Raile stumbled in, his white uniform filthy, his face still grimed and twitching.

"It was Bolles—saved his turret," he panted. "There's no one burned—fatally, that is. I have to report, sir, that the head blew off their port recoil cylinder in the first salvo!"

"I know—" Captain Harry interrupted, breathing hard.

"—broke the conduits, so they sparked into the next powder charge as it was rising in the hoist. Bolles called the silence for both guns as they were turning on their air-blasts, and hugged up and smothered the burning grains—but only his arms and chest are bad. And we've carried away the target, every shred, sir!"

Captain Harry gripped both his arms under the desk chair. He felt the sweat pouring from his temples.

"That's—well," he enunciated, controlling himself. "And Mr. Raile. Take this report. See that it gets into the official mail. I am asking to be detached from this command."

Raile crimsoned, staring at the Captain, his fingers tightening on the envelope which had been thrust into his hand.

"But—sir, it was your order from the bridge—" he blurted, "—kept all our heads —kept the crew in hand—"

Captain Harry laughed mirthlessly, shaking his head. "That letter has nothing to do with this—mistake," he said, and paused. "Only—there seems to have been some misunderstanding this spring about my having passed my strength test."

He paused, wet his lips, and turned to his desk. Then, as if it were an afterthought, he said gravely: "Send Ensign Bolles to me here, if he's able to come. I want to thank him—personally."

When Raile had closed the cabin door, Captain Harry picked up the pen which he had dropped a moment back.

Brickbats and Bouquets

WHEN COLLIER'S announced that its articles on American newspapers would have some plain truths to tell about yellow journalism, Hearst's lawyer sent a warning that it would be prosecuted for the libels which it was about to print concerning that great man. He apparently concluded that nobody could write about him without libeling him. . . . Mr. Irwin's grouping of facts and dates is most suggestive; and his positive statements are of a kind which so sensitive a gentleman as Mr. Hearst can not afford to ignore.

—New York Evening Post.

+

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is . . . blind to the most obvious and obtrusive facts.

—Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat.

+

CHARLESTON, S. C.
I am an osteopath who wants to congratulate you on your editorial, "Liberty," in the current issue of COLLIER'S (June 3, 1911). I was offered the chairmanship of the League for South Carolina by their organizer, Dr. Lewis Pinkerton Crutcher, but became suspicious that the osteopathic profession was being "used," and concluded that I didn't want that kind of Liberty. RALPH V. KENNEDY, D.O., President S. C. Osteopathic Association.

+

CENTERBURG, OHIO.

You may stop my COLLIER'S. . . . I am not in accord with your ways of thinking in many particulars.

You helped defeat me and many others for Member of Assembly of Ohio. How much better do you like Atlee than Chas. Dick? How do you like the present Ohio Assembly?

S. ROBERT BEST.

THE MULTIGRAPH

How it Adds to the Profits of Newspaper, Magazine and Book-Publishers



The Multigraph in its simplest form, for multiple typewriting. Can be adapted for printing without interfering with its primary use.

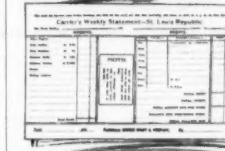
The sixth of a series of advertisements dealing with Multigraph applications to various lines of endeavor. Prior subjects: Retailing, transportation, wholesaling, banking, and insurance. Don't wait. Write us now for the application to your line of business.

BECAUSE of their close relations with the allied arts of advertising and printing, publishers are quick to see the efficiency of the Multigraph in these two money-making and money-saving ways:

- (1) Producing business-getting literature—typewritten or printed—on the spur of the moment;
- (2) Saving 25% to 75% of the average annual printing-cost of stationery, system-forms and direct advertising.

These things are true because the Multigraph is a highly efficient and practical multiple typewriter and rapid rotary printing-press that can be easily operated by the office-employees, by hand or electricity, at the rate of 1200 to 5000 sheets an hour.

Below you will get a quick glimpse of how the Multigraph adds to the profits of two representative users—a great newspaper, and a text-book publisher.



In the Newspaper Office

THE St. Louis Republic uses the Multigraph for producing typewritten form letters, printed advertising and printed system-forms.

That its use is profitable is indicated by the following statement from the Business Manager of the Republic:

"We have been using the Multigraph for more than two years and one of your Folding-Machines for something over a year. We print almost all of our office-forms on the Multigraph, besides thousands of stereotyped letters."

"There is absolutely no question but what either one or both of these machines will pay for themselves in a very few months in any office where much circularizing is done. Both machines have given entire satisfaction, and we can honestly and conscientiously recommend them."

In the Book-Publisher's Office

THE Charles E. Merrill Company, of New York City, publishers of school and college text-books, find the Multigraph profitable and convenient for producing printed letter-heads, circulars and labels, as well as typewritten forms. This is what they say:

"We are, of course, getting satisfactory results; otherwise we should not have purchased a second Multigraph, and subsequently a Printer." We may add that the cost of producing our work on your machines is nominal compared with what we have been paying for corresponding work outside of our office."

An auxiliary Multigraph—the printing-half, without the semi-automatic type-setting.

You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it. BEFORE we sell, our representative's report must prove to our satisfaction, as his demonstration must to you, that you have a profitable application for the Multigraph.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

Executive Offices and Factory, 1818 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

BRANCH OFFICES—Where the Multigraph may be seen in operation: Atlanta, Ga.; Baltimore, Md.; Boston, Mass.; Brooklyn, N.Y.; Buffalo, N.Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Cleveland, Ohio; Columbus, Ohio; Dallas, Tex.; Denver, Colo.; Des Moines, Ia.; Detroit, Mich.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Hartford, Conn.; Houston, Tex.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Kansas City, Mo.; Little Rock, Ark.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Memphis, Tenn.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Montreal, Que.; Mobile, Ind.; Nashville, Tenn.; Newark, N.J.; New Orleans, La.; New York City; Norfolk, Va.; Oakland, Calif.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Omaha, Neb.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Portland, Ore.; Providence, R.I.; Richmond, Va.; Rochester, N.Y.; Salt Lake City, Utah; San Francisco, Cal.; Seattle, Wash.; Spokane, Wash.; Springfield, Ill.; Springfield, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.; Syracuse, N.Y.; Toledo, Ohio; Toronto, Ont.; Vancouver, B.C.; Washington, D.C.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Winnipeg, Man.

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Co., 79 Queen St., London, E.C., England

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Over 1/2 Million

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY paid in 1910 over half a million dollars to its policy holders for accidents peculiar to the vacation season.

These enormous benefits, paid by this largest of all accident companies for vacation injuries, should impress you with the necessity of accident insurance.

Now is the time when many people are injured in hunting, boating, fishing, bicycling, baseball, golf, riding and driving, automobileing and travel. Every year one in eight of the population is injured, and one death in every ten is from accident. There are more people disabled every year in this country by accident than were killed and wounded in any year of the Civil War.

Such is the life we must live. Its density of population--its feverish activity--its desire for rapid transportation--its diversity and mechanical complexity--its increasing desire for hazardous sports, make protection by insurance an absolute necessity.

The benefits are so broad and the cost so small, that if a man does not carry accident insurance it is generally because he does not know the facts. Let us tell you how much insurance \$25 a year will buy.

USE THIS COUPON

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

How much accident insurance will \$25 buy?

Name _____

Collier's Address _____

THE PARKER LAUNDRY BAG

Absolutely Necessary In Every Home

A receptacle at once useful, sanitary and ornamental. Its neat and wholesome appearance, with its strong and durable construction, makes it quite up-to-date. Made from an especially woven cotton duck, White or Khaki, which having been thoroughly shrunk, can be washed as often as required.

A necessity for every college student diameter 16 inches in length, 14 inches free from the frame and one third of the way of broom, mop, etc. The Ring Fixture is handsomely nickelated and will not tarnish or rust. Is easily attached to marble, wood or plastering.

A complete set consists of Ring Fixture (screws for attaching), Two Bags with drawstrings and leather straps tags.

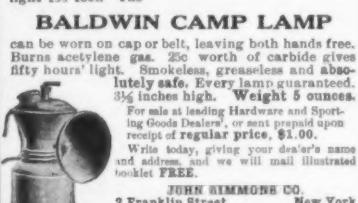
Price \$2, prepaid anywhere in U.S. Money refunded if not satisfied.

J. M. Parker Mfg. Co.
38B India Street
Boston, Mass.
Booklet on request.



BOATING AT NIGHT

It is really safe if you wear this 14 candle-power lamp on your cap. It is the most convenient lamp made for Anglers, Hunters and Campers. Fulfils every lighting requirement. Projects a bright white light 150 feet. The



Produce All the Honey You Want for Your Home

Keep enough bees to supply your own table. Read about bee keeping in "Gleanings in Bee Culture"—6 months' trial subscription 25¢. Book on Bees and supply catalog, free.

THE A. I. ROOT CO., Box 77, Medina, Ohio

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

England and America

(Concluded from page 16)

plays of which they were not themselves individually capable.

Mr. J. M. Waterbury made two runs with the ball—nipping it rapidly from under the mallets of English players and the hoofs of English ponies—that will live as long as polo is talked. At the end of one of these runs Mr. L. Waterbury was found in the place where he should be, and with one cool, emphatic little smack he sent the ball between the blue and white goal-posts. Mr. Milburn hit a goal from mid-field; the ball traveled like a drive at golf, having toward the end of its flight a little slice—flying over intervening men and ponies, and causing the red goal-markers' flag to wag with the utmost fury. It was not only the longest goal I ever saw made, but the longest hit. It was like doing a hole at golf in one stroke—a perfect shot, and the gods of luck smiling and blowing on the ball.

Perhaps if the gods of luck had blown on some other shots for goal (which I recall with a shudder) earlier in the game, when Old England had her chance, we should have had a score against us which no demoniac fury of individual play could have overcome. But no good ever comes of a post-mortem.

Mr. Whitney made up his mind (the moment it was lost) to win the game. And he won it. You may say that after the first period or so Mr. Milburn played as glorious and spectacular a game of polo as ever was played, and you would be quite right; but that it was Mr. Whitney who pulled the makings of defeat out of the fire and erected with them a beauteous shaft of victory is incontestable. And everybody who saw the game and everybody who played in it thinks so—except Mr. Whitney.

A Splendid Thought

WHO am I to prophesy? I hope that we beat the Englishmen in this international series of two out of three games for the hideous old silver cup that England took from us so long ago and held so long, and which the Meadow Brook team brought home again across the water. And one reason that I like the idea of beating them is that they can so well afford to lose.

They can play us at Meadow Brook and lose. On the same day they could defeat all the nations of Europe on fields in the capitals of those nations, and all the nations of Asia and all the nations of Mars if arrangements could be made for the transportation of the men and ponies.

What is one little setback now and then to the old mother of so many victories?

In the eastern stand there was a little group of English people, and you could hear them at times across the field calling: *England, England, England*, and the name meant so much—so much in war, so much in peace, so much on the very highest pinnacles of glory, where the light is almost intolerably bright, that the cold chills went up and down my spine.

It was splendid to think that four of us could go against four of them and beat them, for all the world to see. And it was rather splendid, too, to think that it was, after all, just the good old mother being sauced by the wayward child.

A Family Affair

WE Americans are not yet Swedes, Finns, Italians, or Russians. We are English, Irish, and Scotch. And so it does not really matter a bit who wins at Meadow Brook—pick your favorite of course; see the games and do not take the consequences to heart if they are not those of your own selection.

When England and America play polo together, it is entirely a family affair. What is really nice is that all that any of the other nations can possibly do about it is—to look on.

Let them go and get a reputation, and then two or three thousand years from now maybe we will talk to them.

WINCHESTER

.22 Caliber Repeating Rifles.

THERE are hours during many vacations which could be turned from boredom into pleasure by a little target shooting with a good small caliber rifle. There are three Winchesters particularly well adapted for this sport: The Model 1903, .22 Automatic, which is reloaded by recoil; and the Models 1890 and 1906. Whichever model you select will give you entire satisfaction. They are sold everywhere.

Include One In Your Vacation Kit

Winchester Cartridges are made for all kinds of guns by men who know how. Ask for the Red W Brand.



PREMOS

Have thirty years of experience behind them.

Each is fitted with a carefully tested lens—the best in its grade that is made, and an accurate automatic shutter.

Premo Film Pack Film is daylight loading, tank developing, and it is made from the same stock as the Eastman Non-Curling—the best in the world.

It is obvious that you can make at least as good pictures with a Premo as can be had, and—

Premos are the smallest, the lightest, the easiest to load and operate of all cameras, and the nearest dealer will prove it to you.

Our new catalogue describes all the Premo Cameras, ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$150.00. It tells all about the simple Premo Film Pack and Tank Developing System. Get a copy at the dealer's or write us to send it to you postpaid. It's free.

One of fifty models



Film Premo No. 1

To keep a record of the summer's pleasures, to make your vacation more enjoyable, this is an excellent camera because it is so simple to operate and so easy to carry.

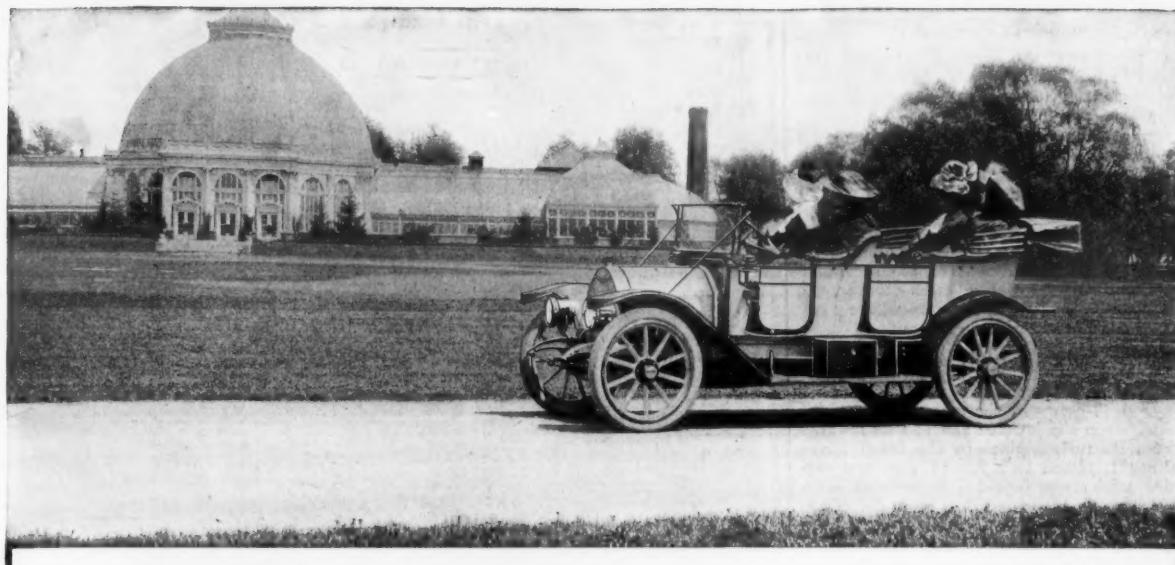
To load, just open back, drop in Premo Film Pack, close back and it's done. To make exposures, just pull out a paper tab and press the bulb.

Made for the most popular sizes of amateur pictures, and is the smallest and lightest camera to be had in each size.

3 1/4 x 4, \$10.00 4 x 5, \$12.50
3 x 5 1/2, 12.50 5 x 7, 16.00

Fully described in Premo catalogue.

Rochester Optical Division
Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N.Y.



AFTER all—the one thing that interests YOU MOST is the amount of service and pleasure you get out of your car.

And that depends, to a large extent, upon the character and policy of the manufacturer from whom you buy. That's the reason we are featuring this guarantee. It's the most tangible way we know of to show you our sincerity and desire to have you always remain a satisfied owner of an

Abbott-Detroit

BUILT FOR PERMANENCE

This plan of **permanence** has been the keynote of the Abbott-Detroit since its inception.

The Abbott-Detroit is one of the best nine cars on the American market—but costs considerably less than any one of the other eight. To conceive your ideal motor car is one thing, to secure its interpretation within your appropriation is quite another. This requires discrimination, and a careful comparison with other cars on the market. **A few points in which the Abbott-Detroit is superior to other cars which sell approximately at the same price:**

GUARANTEE

This is to certify that the Abbott Motor Company will fully warrant and guarantee the Automobile covered by this certificate for its entire life, from the date of the original sale by the dealers. This guarantee also includes all material and all equipment, with the exception of tires, magneto, lamps, etc., which are warranted by their respective makers, and in connection with construction of the automobile. If any parts of this car break or prove defective from any cause whatsoever, and the customer shall forthwith communicate the fact to the Abbott Motor Company or one of its authorized dealers, giving the number of car and the name of the dealer from whom the car was purchased and the date of purchase, and it shall appear that such breakage was not in fact due to negligence or accident, the Abbott Motor Company will furnish such new parts either through its dealer or at the factory in Detroit, Michigan, free of charge to the owner. This guarantee does not apply directly or indirectly to consequential damage of any nature whatsoever or to the replacement of tires, which are guaranteed by the makers thereof.

Abbott Motor Company
118 Waterloo St., Detroit, Mich.

CAMPING IN THE ROCKIES

RAILROAD RATES TO AND FROM THE STATE ARE VERY LOW
T. E. Fisher, Gen. Passenger Agent DENVER, COLORADO

Colorado invites the toilers of the world to pitch their tents and spread their blankets under her clear blue skies, knowing that a few days or weeks spent in her health-giving atmosphere will add immeasurably to life.

The Colorado & Southern Railway

Publishes some attractively illustrated booklets describing camp locations, summer cottages, tent accommodations, and hotels with rates to suit any purse or taste. A vacation may be spent in Colorado at no greater expense for living than at home.

Send No Money

Let us put this piano in your parlor—not a dollar to pay us.

LET US send you our big, free, actual photograph, color-illustrated, handsome book, and offers to trust you absolutely with any Reed & Sons Piano on as long time as you want, even three years or more, if you are satisfied after 30 Days' Free Trial. Not a cent to pay down—not a dollar for any of our beautiful styles you select from the book we want to send you on

REED & SONS

Established 1842. Given Highest Award at World's Columbian Exposition 1893

We've sold through dealers, jobbers, and agents—for over 68 years—but now we have cut out their big profits and are giving the savings to our customers. We have made our direct-to-you wholesale factory prices so low that you can have a Reed & Sons Piano, for lifelong service, at a price as low as the price of many "cheap" made pianos—and get the highest artistic quality. Our 25-year guarantee bond goes with every Reed & Sons instrument. Hundreds have had generations of enjoyment from our pianos. So can you on our plan and prove it positively at our risk.

Take Your Own Time—On Trying and Paying—We Pay Freight Both Ways

Take 30 Days' Free Trial in your home with your family and friends to judge the beautiful tone quality—handsome exclusive design and finish—easy action and splendid satisfaction. When absolutely satisfied you can pay by the week, by the month, or 3 months or twice a year. We don't care how. Suit your own time. We want you to be happy with one of our pianos or self-playing pianos—prove it at our risk—right now. Write a Postcard Today—For Our Big Book.

REED & SONS PIANO MFG. CO., Dept. 2, corner Jackson Boulevard and Wahash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.
Capital and Resources \$1,750,000.00.—Largest Factory to Home Piano Mfrs. in the World.

Clean Your House of Flies

This flexible wire cloth wand provides the easy way. Is practically invisible and does not create a breeze to warn the fly. Every stroke is sure and effective.

TRADE MARK
KING
REGISTERED

PAT'D JAN. 1890

FLY KILLER

Kills without crushing. Soils nothing. There are no exposed wires to catch, tear or mar. The King is strong and durable. The King solves the fly problem.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you transportation charges prepaid to any part of the U.S. on receipt of price in currency, money order or stamps. One King Fly Killer for 15c, 2 for 25c, 5 for 50c, 12 for \$1.00. Now is the time to get the King Fly Killer.

United States Wire Mat Co., Sole Manufacturers, 300 Wood St., Decatur, Ill.

Over 2000 Per Cent Profits



That sounds almost unbelievable—yet it's true! proved fact. A pound of ordinary sugar and the wonderful

Empire Candy Floss Machine

will make 80 packages of fluffy, quick selling candy floss every eight minutes. A fair, race track, circus, or anywhere a crowd collects, there is a market for it.

The daily profit is astonishing—figures. It's for yourself. Eight years of big money-making experience, with no repair expenses, have proved this your opportunity. Today is the day to get the facts on this machine. Also ask for catalog of Popcorn and Peanut Roasters and Ice Cream Cone Machines. Write to Stevens Mfg. & Supply Co., Dept. A, 1225 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Something New

The Biggest Surprise of the Age!

Post Card Photos on Paper Direct No Negatives

Here's your chance to start your own big money-making business. No experience needed. Everybody buys post card photos. The Mandel Combination No. 1 Camera

is the biggest money getter today on street corners, at fairs and carnivals, picnics, parks, and at all outdoor attractions. 500% Profit. The camera makes 8 styles of photos. Post cards (3x4), miniature post cards (2x3), on paper direct. No Negatives. Also 1-inch photo buttons.

Write Today for Booklet and Circular FREE

Chicago Ferrotype Co., Dept. 49, Congress and Laffin Sts., Chicago

Spend your vacation on Quaint Cape Cod

Seashore, Woods and Country. Splendid fishing, yachting, bathing and golfing. Cool breezes always. Send for "Quaint Cape Cod." It's free. Write Advertising Bureau, Room 652 South Station, Boston



See Them BEFORE Paying! These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK Like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a film and will cut glass. Brilliance guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any size ring, pin, etc. for examination—all charge prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.

WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., Dept. F, 734 Saks Blk, Indianapolis, Indiana



Direct from factory to you now saves you \$128 to \$222 over what the Reed formerly sold for through dealers.

NO SECURITY. NO INTEREST TO PAY. NO COLLECTORS
Take our trial offer and after a full year's enjoyment send our Reed & Sons Piano or Self Playing Piano back and we'll pay the freight if not exactly as represented. That's the fairest offer ever made. It means 365 Days' Approval Test, besides 30 Days' Free Trial and 3 years' time to pay if satisfied.

Also Self-Playing Pianos
Reed & Sons Self-Playing Pianos now sold on the most liberal plan. Thousands who "never knew a note" are now enjoying our Self-Players. See our offers and prices all explained in handsomest color-illustrated catalogue sent free.

BIG BOOK SENT YOU FREE

Wholesalers **Manufacturers**

500 Per Cent Increase in Lynchburg, Va.

This in cold figures describes growth of business

This increase was made in ten years by unexcelled distributing facilities and low freight rates. Three Trunklines of railroads operate main lines through Lynchburg.

This is not "hot air"—We can show the cold facts by actual comparison of freight rates that you can open a branch house or manufacturing establishment in Lynchburg and distribute throughout the South cheaper than you can ship direct—provided you are located in the North or West. No greater opportunity in the commercial world today and all we ask is a chance to prove it.

Free Factory Sites on railroad, buildings erected on long time leases, are a few of the aids which we offer.

SPECIAL. If you can't open a branch let us arrange for you to distribute goods from storage warehouses already here. Reconsignments promptly handled.

The Proof. Lynchburg distributes more merchandise than any city twice its size in the U. S.—\$45,000,000 annual business—28 distinctly diversified manufacturing industries—Largest wholesale dry-goods and notion market in the South—Fifth in U. S. shoe production—Distributes three times the goods it makes.

Write for Book of Facts, illustrated. Also Free book on Agricultural Opportunities.

Advisory Board, Chamber of Commerce
Lynchburg, Va.



OUR hand processes give you a better collar than is possible by other methods. Get Corliss-Coon Collars and keep count of the number of trips they make to the laundry. That tells the whole story.



This style is the "Country Club"—Stylish but not extreme. Easy to button. Tie slips readily. Five heights.

Corliss-Coon Hand Made Collars

2 for 25¢

In Canada 30c each, 3 for 50c

Complete style book, showing all the latest Corliss-Coon styles, sent on request.

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. T, Troy, N.Y.



The Laundry Bag says: "Might as well wear a saw around your neck as a collar with 'saw' edges. No 'saw' edges on Corliss-Coon Collars. Why? Because they're made right."



LYON & HEALY

27-44 ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO

will mail, free, their newly enlarged Catalog of Band Instruments,

Uniforms and Equipments.

Hundreds of Fine Instruments

described every article re-

quired by Bands or Drum

Corps, including Uniforms,

Trimming, etc. Contains in-

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The Cremation of a King

(Concluded from page 18)

at the time of the funeral. The buildings on this occasion, while smaller than those of former years, were, from an artistic standpoint, far more wonderful.

The group consisted of a central spired tower, about 38 feet square at the base and rising 240 feet to the tip of the spire. This was the Phra Meru, prepared for the reception of the casket and the pyre. Near the four corners of the Phra Meru were four prayer towers, while surrounding all stood various pavilions for the accommodation of the King, the Queen Mother, the diplomats, and other officials whose rank entitled them to places of honor.

A Picturesque Procession

ON the afternoon of the 16th of March last occurred the great state procession, when the jeweled casket was lowered from its resting-place in the Dusit Maha Prasart, placed on a funeral car, and carried with true Oriental pomp and magnificence to the cremation grounds, where it was placed in position under the gilded spire of the Phra Meru.

The whole city and countryside was there, and the entire route of the procession was packed many deep with countless types of Orientals, of which this cosmopolitan city of Bangkok is composed. All were dressed in white, the historic national mourning color which had universally been chosen for the occasion of the last rites.

First came the military escort, which took an hour in passing; the navy followed; then slowly filed into view, as far as the eye could reach, a riot of color. First, the ancient Tamruet band, several hundred strong, in red costumes, playing upon their curious drums the plaintive and ancient funeral dirge. Then followed the pipers and the conch-shell musicians, curiously costumed, then officials in gold brocade, bearing golden swords and other symbolic emblems. A mass of gilded seven-storied umbrellas and fans signaled approaching royalty. Then appeared the elaborately gilded car of the great High Priest of Buddhism, a brother of the late King, chanting as he passed along and holding in his folded palms a white ribbon which connected with the casket, along which holy influences might pass from him to the dead. Other funeral cars followed; then came the glittering object upon which all eyes were riveted, the jeweled urn, supported in position on the huge state funeral car by kneeling Burmese priests clad in white and wearing conical hats.

The funeral car was carved and gilded and spired and drawn by 220 scarlet-clad pullers on foot. On both sides walked high officials in court robes, then Brahmin priests with unbound hair, leading splendidly caparisoned ponies; then more gilt umbrellas, and bearers of peacock feathers and waving fans and lotus blossoms.

After this came the new young King, walking alone, dressed in the uniform of a field marshal; then the princes of the royal house, the naval and military officers, the royal body-guard, and the representatives from foreign nations.

The Pyre

ARRIVING near the Phra Meru, the cavalcade halted. Its various units took the places appointed them. With many ceremonials the golden casket was lowered from the chariot and borne three times around the Phra Meru; then, as it reached the inclined plane on the east side of the Phra Meru, there was a silence, the priests in the towers ceased chanting, and all stood at attention while the bearers placed the casket carefully on the inclined plane. Then came a burst of music from the bands, and the urn slipped noiselessly up to its position on the pyre. The setting sun caught the jewels for an instant, the golden curtains were drawn, and it was hidden from sight. Preparations were immediately made for lighting the pyre. The golden casket was removed and replaced by one of sandalwood into which the inner copper casket was placed. Sandalwood and fragrant spices were placed under it.

When the time arrived for offering up the sacred flame, the King ignited the fuse with holy fire from the temple.

Members of the family, princes, and nobles then approached up the gilded stairway in the order of their rank, and cast upon the flames bouquets of delicately carved sandalwood. Watchers stood by to cast perfumed waters on the flames, lest they rise too high and destroy the building. These are never burned, but are torn down immediately after the ceremony.

All night long the burning continued.

The next day the ashes in the copper urn were collected and placed in a golden casket. This was later carried in procession to Wat Banchamabopit, the Buddhist monastery erected by the late King as a memorial to his reign.



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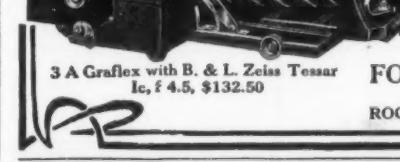
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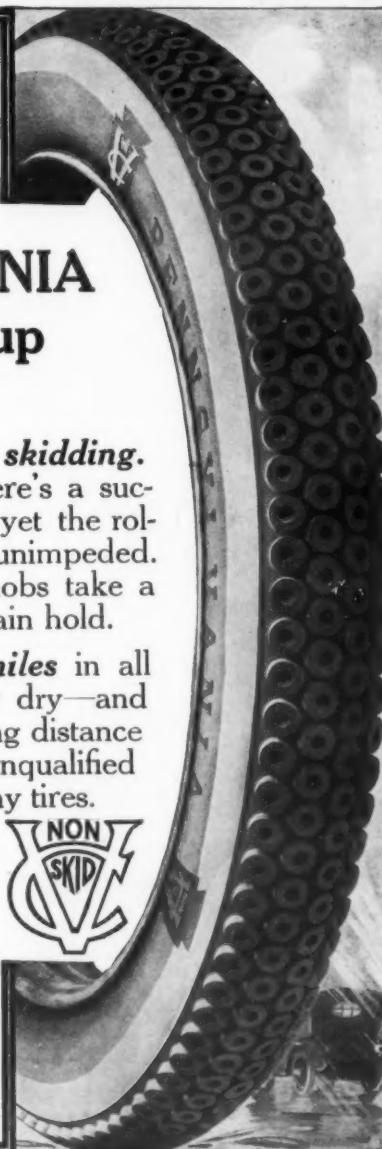
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